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JULY 1980, \$1.50

Atlantic insight

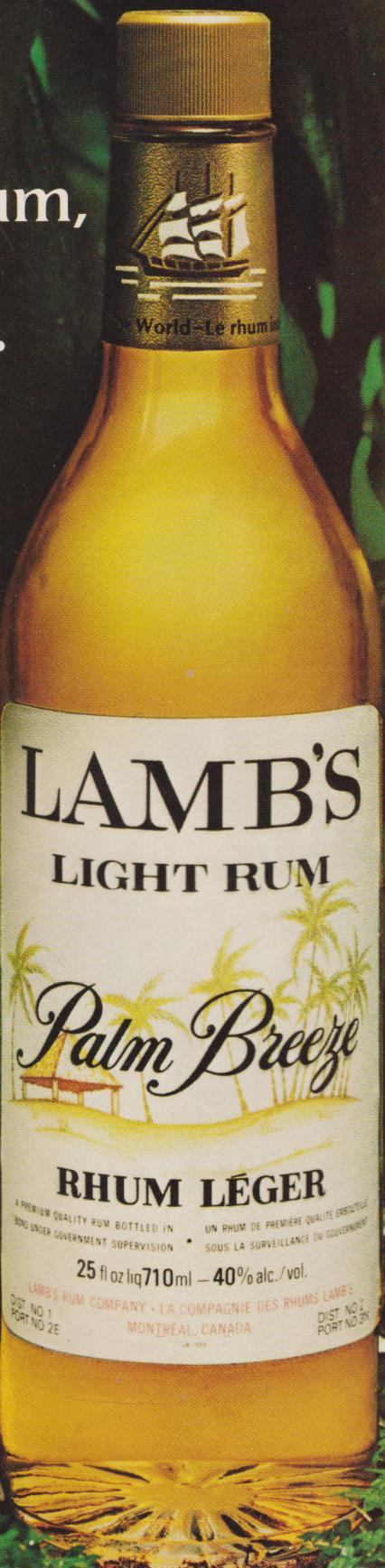


**Antonine Maillet
wrote the book
that shook
France**

**In Nova Scotia:
To Halifax
police, it was just
another rape**

**In Newfoundland:
Tourists tromp
where Vikings
slept**

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than white rum,
with a little
more flavour.



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The light Amber Rum

Atlantic Insight

July 1980, Vol. 2 No. 6



22

Cover Story: Berton, Mowat, stand back. The hottest Canadian writer nationally—and internationally, as well—is a 50-year-old Acadian. English-speaking Canada scarcely knows she exists. She's Antonine Maillet of Buctouche, N.B., and she champions a culture that won't lie down

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY KAREN COSHOF



30

Travel: Ottawa has a whole lot more to offer than Parliament and the Peace Tower. It's got the craziest collection of fascinating museums in the country and, best of all, they're free. After all, they're yours



34

Small Towns: Once, Georgetown, P.E.I., was the belle of Kings County. Now, she "sits brooding at the end of a dead-end road, like a faded old beauty who's still waiting for her prince to show up." But her people know what counts: Character



52

Show Business: P.E.I.'s Amanda Hancox is part of a select circle of professional dancers but, since you can't dance forever, she took a crack at acting. As an actress, says John Neville of the Neptune Theatre, "she was absolutely dead right." Here's looking at you, Amanda



56

Food: In the heart of the New Brunswick highlands, down King Kristian Road, you come to the home of Emmy Bertelsen Schmidt. She whomps up *frikadeller*, *aeblekage*, and other delicious Danish delights



58

Art: It was a heart attack that drove Nova Scotia fisherman Joe Norris back to his boyhood love of painting. Now, as he paints the pain out of his life, he's becoming a nationally celebrated folk artist

3 Editor's Letter: And the winnah is...*Atlantic Insight* magazine

6 The Region: Who visits Atlantic Canada most? Why, its good old Atlantic Canadians

13 New Brunswick: In Lorne, do-gooders moved in, trouble broke out

14 Prince Edward Island: Anti-abortion forces turn guns on hospital

16 Nova Scotia: A man rapes your neighbor. Do you want to know?

18 Newfoundland & Labrador: St. John's council's a joke. No one laughs

20 Ottawa Diary: Jet-set mandarins fly by night, fly by day

26 Psychology: Who's more beautiful? Tories, Grits, or NDP? Beauty is in the eye of the beholder

28 Folks: For the first time, one of our folks is a real dog

38 Prisons: At Dorchester, special protection can mean special abuse

40 Music: N.B.'s Paul and Lutia Lauzon sing for their supper, and for backwoods New Brunswick

41 Religion: Atlantic-area Baptists expect heat at Wolfville meet

42 Special Report: Tens of thousands of Maritimers and Newfoundlanders live in the Alberta flatlands. Here's how they're making out

47 Energy: An Island couple proves windmill power really works

49 Heritage: Update on the Nfld. site where, 1,000 years ago, the Vikings lived and loved

55 Marilyn MacDonald: What ever happened to junk TV you could actually watch?

60 Sports: Once—32 years ago—Nova Scotia had a baseball season to remember

64 Movies: *The Empire Strikes Back* is what *Star Wars* should have been

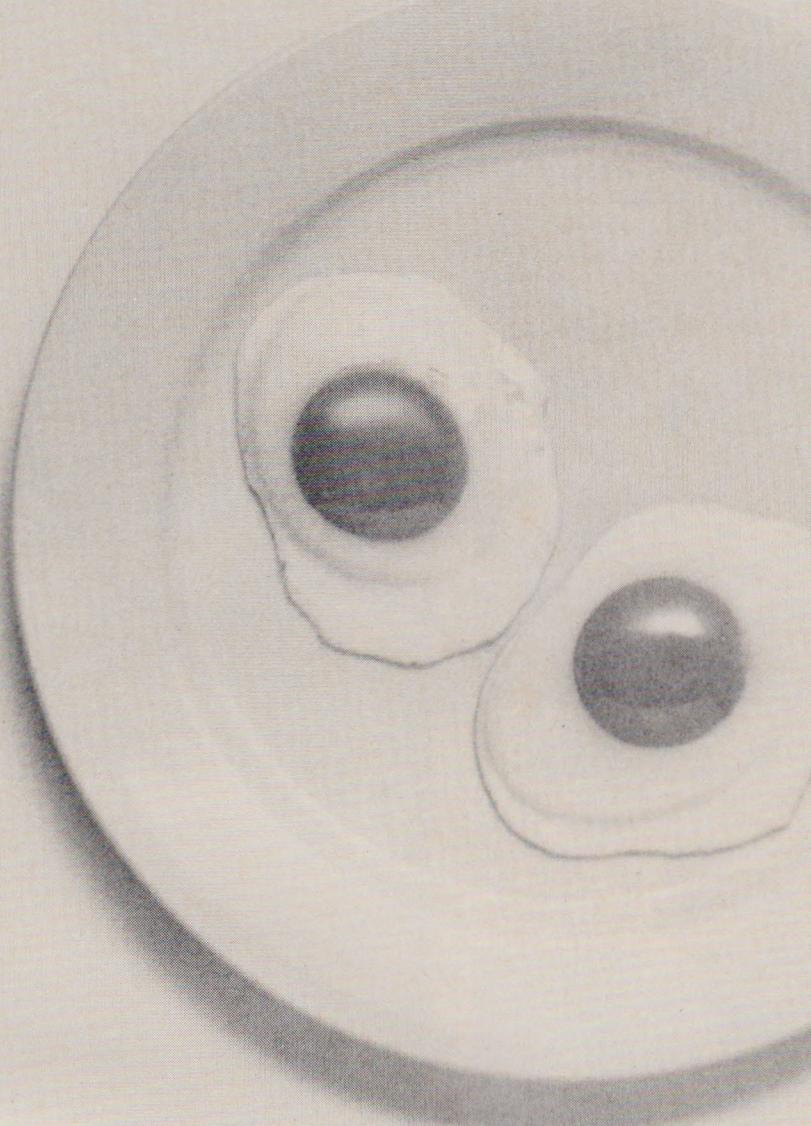
65 Dalton Camp: Let's get Britain to send us our constitution—in a plain, brown envelope

66 Books: Boyhood memories of old Cape Breton, and a fine granddad

72 Ray Guy: It may be stylish to hate Hog Town but, what the heck, it isn't all bad

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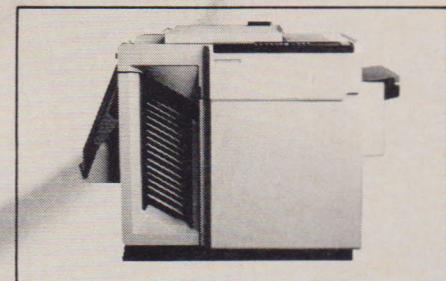
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Editor's Letter

Atlantic Insight goes to a party

And comes home a winner

The National Magazine Awards Foundation is so recent an invention that, so far, it's sponsored only three annual banquets. These affairs have been something like Oscar, Tony, Emmy, Grammy, Nellie, Genie and Juno nights. They celebrate the Achievements of a Great and Beloved Industry, and all that baloney. People dress garishly or beautifully, behave boorishly or gracefully. They eat, drink, sit, dance, shake hands, shake fists, backslap, backbite, confide, shout, hug, snub, laugh, weep, remember, predict, kiss, hiss, put enemies down, raise friends up, and generally have a fine old time. The magazine-awards party occurs each spring at the outrageously expensive Hotel Toronto.

The affair is not precisely like such glittering show-biz bashes as the dinner that the Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists also throws when spring revives Hog Town. The ACTRA party (in another outrageously expensive hotel) gets national TV coverage, but ours doesn't. How come? Well, for one thing, strange Canadian regulations forbid the telecasting of scenes showing anyone doing something so perverse, corrupting and downright un-Canadian as actually drinking wine, beer or liquor. So the moment television takes over the ACTRA party, the "artists" behave like naughty high-school kids: They either slip their bottles into handbags or under chairs, or they meekly relinquish them to stone-faced waiters. We magazine types would never submit to any such curtailment of our natural rights as two-fisted drinkers. That's why you'll never see our dinners on TV. That, and the fact that, as onstage entertainers, we are extremely boring.

But not in our own eyes. On the night of the dinner—an intimate little gathering of more than 700 people—we editors, writers and graphic designers think we're all pretty fascinating and, with certain exceptions, simply wonderful. We are untypically loving toward one another at the dinner. We realize we're all together in a risky, crazy, enslaving trade and, for a little while, we become an exclusive, national club.

The community spirit puzzles me. A lot of us drifted into journalism precisely because we were *not* joiners,

because we were by nature stand-offish observers, or simply misfits, loners, snobs, self-styled outcasts. Hardly the makings of a great, warm-hearted gathering of mutual admirers. And yet, for the third year in a row now, the creative people in the Canadian magazine business have met in Toronto at what almost everyone agrees is a joyful reunion. As young reporters, some of us once sneered at annual conventions of fraternal orders, service clubs, war veterans, doctors, pipefitters, accountants, whatever. Now, at our own dinner, we chatter and carry on just as those same risible old merrymakers did. So many people want to attend the magazine-awards dinner that, already, the Foundation is fretting about how to ration next year's tickets.

The 1980 dinner was a triumph. I've been to better little parties but never to a better big party. It's just possible, of course, that my high spirits had some remote connection to the fact that, as the evening bubbled on, *Atlantic Insight* won two gold awards for writing. Silver Donald Cameron got one of them (and \$1,000) for his story on Farley Mowat, and Alden Nowlan got the other (and another \$1,000) for his piece on Cuba. Nor did it dampen my spirits at all that *Atlantic Insight*—a mere babe, barely a year old—won the last and best prize of the entire evening: The Outstanding Achievement Award, for its record during all of 1979. When our publisher, Bill Belliveau, strode onstage to accept the honor from Nick Steed, the president of the Foundation, we popped open champagne, acknowledged thunderous applause, knew at once that we were truly the new darling of a Great and Beloved Industry. We'll be back at the dinner next year, I can tell you that.

Harry Bruce



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Feedback

Something happened

"Don't hide your light under a barrel"—you don't. "Nothing succeeds like success"—and you appear to be achieving it. But too much of this breast beating might go to your head. With such pride and satisfaction already achieved, what can you do for a second act? You've given yourselves a tall order. P.S. I like you, too.

Judy Pelletier
Dartmouth, N.S.
(April 12, 1980)

Re your article by Parker Barss Donham (*If Akerman Goes, What Next for NDP?* May) might I say that it is unfortunate that Lévesque did not have Serena Renner working for him. The history of Nova Scotia would have been quite different without Akerman, and he will be missed. I would like to abdicate the great honor of being a charter subscriber by having my name withdrawn. You can keep the change.

Judy Pelletier
Dartmouth, N.S.
(May 18, 1980)

More on Akerman

The article regarding the NDP in Nova Scotia written by Parker Donham in the May issue is full of inaccuracies, misquotes, misconceptions and quotes taken out of context to suit what Mr. Donham's preconceived notions were. The next time you send a journalist out to do a story may I suggest that you insure that person has no axe to grind and that they are supplied with a tape recorder.

Serena F. Renner
Halifax, N.S.

A rational look

The recent article on abortion (*Our Abortion Law Doesn't Do What It's Meant To Do*, April) was well researched by Suzanne Babin and very well written by Marilyn MacDonald. For once, two women have taken a rational look at the situation and tried to picture the anguish of women caught in what must be the most difficult of life's choices. They have shown the lack of support and facilities for those women for whom abortion is a necessity. These are the women who must be the focus of society's concern. Thank you for the effort on their behalf.

Kathy Coffin
St. John's, Nfld.

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More in touch

Atlantic Insight is special to us since we come from Charlottetown and are working here in Lahr as French teachers for the Department of National Defence schools. Congratulations on being one year old. Consider this to be a birthday card.

Eunice and Randy Doiron
Ettenheim, West Germany

As a transplanted Nova Scotian I thoroughly enjoy every corner of your magazine. I now feel more in touch with Atlantic Canada. It is refreshing to read about local people, news, events and entertainment. Your contribution toward the unity and fellowship of past and present down-easters is welcome and shared by your many readers. I am proud of you, *Atlantic Insight* and Atlantic Canada.

Heather E. White
Corner Brook, Nfld.

Weekly next

Your magazine does not arrive at my home frequently enough. *Time* arrives every week, so does *Maclean's*. Others, like yours, arrive monthly which is often enough for them—but not yours. I cannot recall a publication that so clearly covers the Atlantic region with interesting articles month after month. I may not agree with all that I read in your magazine but on balance I receive more than my money's worth with each issue. I wish it would come more often.

Hy J. Goodman
New Glasgow, N.S.

View from the Cape

Re: *Cape Breton Lives in a Rare Magazine* (March)—it was like the proverbial straw which did you know what. One bad experience was when Max Ferguson returned to his concrete jungle following a feeble attempt to turn back time and then coyly laid the blame for his defeated attempt at the feet of Capers (Cape Bretoners). Then came this little gem of Parker Barss Donham's. One American-spawned journalist telling us how much we needed another American-spawned journalist. I refuse to believe that presenting Capers as hewers of wood and haulers of water, an ignorant lot left over from a bygone era, is of any benefit to them—but just might be to the editor of a Cape Breton magazine. There are two kinds of people in this world: Cape Bretoners and those who wish they were.

Mary J. MacPhee
East Bay, N.S.

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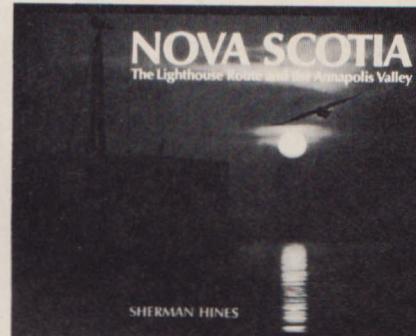
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The Region

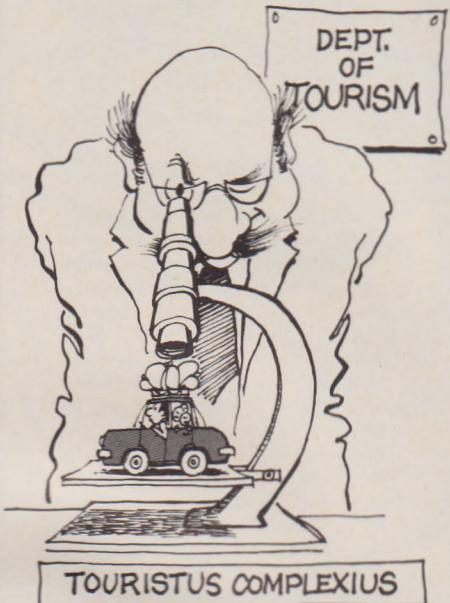
The tourists are coming. Yes, they are

*There's just this one catch.
Half of them are us*

By Ralph Surette

Tourists are much the same as other east coast species: They run thick and thin. As with gaspereaux or capelin, some years you break your dip net and other years you scoop and be damned. The difference is that seals don't eat tourists and the Russians don't fish them. So if they haven't shown up by August, you must find some other explanation.

Motel owners usually find one fast enough: Inept cheapskates in government, doing their best to chase tourists away. "It's obstruction all the way. It's a dictatorship," as the frustrated head of the Miramichi Tourism Association put it one sullen August day in the bad year of 1978. Governments have other ideas on who's to blame: Operators with stone age mentalities who charge too much and provide too little.



TOURISTUS COMPLEXIUS

Darkening the waters even more is the fact that the two traditional sub-species—*touristus americanus* and *VFR* (Visiting Friends and Relatives)—have been declining drastically. The number of American visitors has dropped by about 50% since the days before the gasoline crisis. Meanwhile, the friends-and-family links of the region's

gigantic expatriate community are weakening. A generation gap opened up when Atlantic Canadians stopped emigrating 10 years ago. "People will come home to visit mother quite a bit but they won't visit grandma very much," explains Jim McNiven, executive vice-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council.

But tourism's not a down-and-out story in the Atlantic provinces. Despite the bad years and ritual brickbats, it continues to expand and thrive. This year its total value to the region will reach for the magic number: One billion dollars.

How is that possible?

First, the gasoline problems that kept the Americans away (plus the lower Canadian dollar) deflected Quebec and Ontario tourists this way by the thousands, more than picking up the slack. There's also been a phenomenal growth in internal tourism within the region. Up to half our tourists are us. More than half of P.E.I.'s tourists, for example, come from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Of the \$185 million spent by tourists in Newfoundland last year, \$130 million came from Newfoundlanders. (Improved roads now allow people to explore their own province.) Maritimers provided the bulk of the rest.

Second, there are the four provincial tourism departments. Ten years ago they didn't even exist; five years ago they were still at the amateur stage; now they're hives of professional hustle. They compile statistics, lay out strategies, produce programs and answer inquiries with amazing dispatch, considering the usual government processes. There are tuna fishing packages, day trips, farm vacations, "shoulder" season extensions, winter holidays—an endless stream of angles to keep the traveller hanging around and sprinkling lucre.

Nova Scotia scored a notable success with its Check Inns computerized reservations system, recognized as one of the best on the continent. It is provincially owned but operated by the Tourism Industry Association of Nova Scotia using Air Canada's computer. The other provinces may plug in.

Behind all this there's the federal government. Over the past four years DREE has provided funds for everything from motel financing to cost control systems, from snowmaking machines to picnic tables. The feds built national parks. The Canadian Government Office of Tourism (CGOT) helps out with advertising and expertise.

Finally, the private sector has its act together. Tourism associations have formed in the Maritimes in the last few years and one is being set up in Newfoundland. The industry can put forward coherent positions to governments rather than taking isolated potshots.

Tourism advertising has taken on the aggressive discipline of General von Francois's artillery: Target identified; guns turned; target saturated. This is true not only of individual provinces but, increasingly, of collective advertising. About 20% of provincial advertising budgets goes to the Atlantic Canada Tourism Program (ACTP) to promote the region. The provinces' contributions are matched by the CGOT. The provinces also collaborate on research and development.



TOURISTUS UNPREDICTABILIUS

APEC is one of the forces pushing for the collective approach. "It doesn't make sense to advertise as individual provinces," says Jim McNiven. "Especially for international tourism." He sees an emerging flow of European visitors to Canada as our bargain-base-ment dollar catches on. Nova Scotia did some European promotion for the Gathering of the Clans last year "but over-all that market is just opening up. No one in North America has done anything at all on it. We could get in first."

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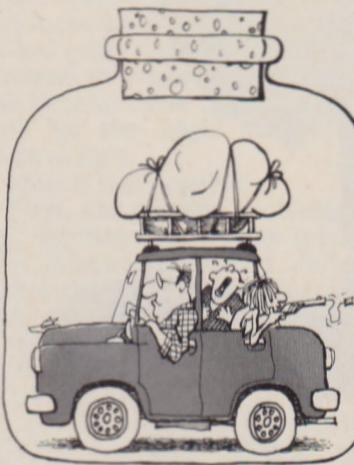
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The Region

The ACTP is looking at Europe and the International Tourism Foundation, formed by the Eastern Premiers and New England Governors Conference, promotes the whole international area: New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Quebec along with the New England states. We're also studying the habits of European travellers. "We found out that what we offer is not what the overseas market wants," says an official connected with the program. Europeans don't like package tours: "They don't want everything laid out—they want liberty and the choice to move around." This summer's premiers-governors conference will decide if the program will go ahead to design special tours and plug them overseas.



TOURISTUS PRECIUS

The region has not given up on *touristus americanus* either. Although it's been all downhill since the peak years of 1972 and '73, when Americans swamped the place and lugged out virtually every piece of wood in which the sap was dry as an antique, there are those who dream of a turnaround. P.E.I., for example, is concentrating its ads on New England this year. "We still believe it's our largest, closest market," says Tourism's acting deputy minister Garth Staples doggedly. "We're trying to bring it back. After all, Boston is still only a day away."

If New Englanders won't drive in perhaps they can be enticed to take a bus or plane, or both. Bus tours from the U.S. have increased dramatically as private car use decreased, although not enough to cover the decline. New Brunswick is promoting bus tours out of Bangor airport. Bruce Cochran, Nova Scotia's Tourism minister, complains of the old side-loading Yarmouth-Bar Harbor ferry MV *Bluenose*. Forty percent of Americans entering the province come on the two Yar-

mouth ferries. "Far too many people who drive to Bar Harbor are disappointed," he says.

Despite the moves to a regional approach the provinces retain their own plans—and some lingering rivalry. Nova Scotia, after bailing out a potentially bad year last year with its international Scottish festival, the Gathering of the Clans, has decided to throw a bash or two every year. This year the province is pushing the 375th anniversary of the Acadian settlement at Port Royal and the 70th anniversary of the Navy. Cochran is looking as far ahead as 1984 when he hopes to land Operation Sail, an international regatta of the world's sailing ships. In 1983 he hopes to get the United Empire Loyalist Year celebrations. (Visions of "1,000 Hatfields gathering and things like that" dance in his head.)

Nova Scotia has also been working on "destination areas"—something for tourists to do and see in various sub-areas, to keep them from just hitting Halifax and the Cabot Trail. But it's in New Brunswick that the "destination area" idea has really paid off.

New Brunswick's problem is the "whistle stop" syndrome: Tourists whizzing by on their way to Nova Scotia and P.E.I. Especially Americans. Some New Brunswickers are still touchy about it. Last winter a furore arose over billboards along provincial highways advertising the charms of the other two provinces.

But New Brunswick may have the problem licked. With the development of the Kings Landing historic village upriver from Fredericton and the Acadian Village in Caraquet, many tourists are doubling back for a loop, staying three or four more days and spending more loot. On top of that an influx of Quebecers is making the Acadian area a destination, not a temporary stop. To top it off, crowded Tourism Minister Leland McGaw in this year's budget speech, "last year we had 35,000 more overnight American visitors than our sister province of Nova Scotia."

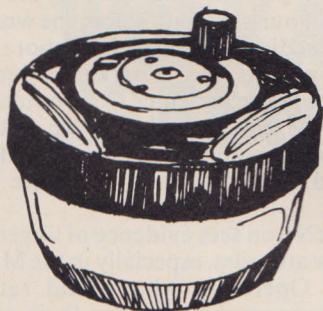
"We're just emerging from the egg as a tourist destination," says a Newfoundland tourism official. "We started virtually from scratch." The Trans-Canada Highway came to Newfoundland in 1966. Before that the province was a rugged outback accessible mostly to well-heeled fishermen and hunters. Now a new network of paved highways, including one along the Great Northern Peninsula to St. Anthony, has opened the gates. "We have a lot of geography," says the official, "and we tend to plug the 'uncrowded' bit. We're one of the



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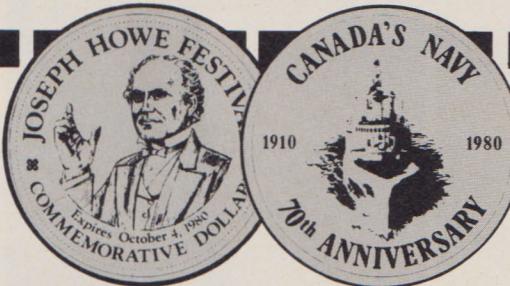
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Nova Scotia makes the most from tourism: \$400 million last year to N.B.'s \$215 million, Newfoundland's \$185 million. All this out of a Canadian total of \$11 billion. P.E.I. made \$40 million last year. But the Island's tourism industry is proportionately the most important, accounting for 20% of gross domestic revenue, compared to 6% to 8% for the other three.

Tourism in the region has come a long way from the Mom & Pop motels of 20 years ago. But world standards are higher, too. "We're going to be perceived by the standards of the rest of the world," warns Jim McNiven. An influx of people associated with oil and gas, sea-based shipping and other activities will present an opportunity "that will only come once." He says tourism is not just parks and beaches but downtown hotels, convention centres, shops, historic quarters, waterfronts. Already, according to John Tessier, general manager of the St. John's Tourist Commission, the worldwide media coverage of offshore oil developments has "sparked a lot of interest in the province from potential tourists." He feels that more hotels, motels and convention facilities will be needed in St. John's to handle the influx.

McNiven sees evidence of lingering narrow attitudes, especially in the Maritimes: Operators who would rather lose business than change their ways and improve service. And there's the problem of high costs. Although the lower Canadian dollar has helped, the cry that the tourist is being gouged still erupts. A federal-provincial study in 1978 showed that foreign tourists consider Canada very expensive. But it absolved private operators, saying that there is a heavy burden of taxation on building materials, high municipal taxation, high sales tax and high minimum wage compared to the U.S. In the Atlantic provinces, add high energy costs.

Travel trends are notoriously fickle. They respond to good or lousy service, international politics, oil prices, economic crises and who-knows-what. Preventing the August blues from recurring this year will require a strong combination of ingenuity and luck.



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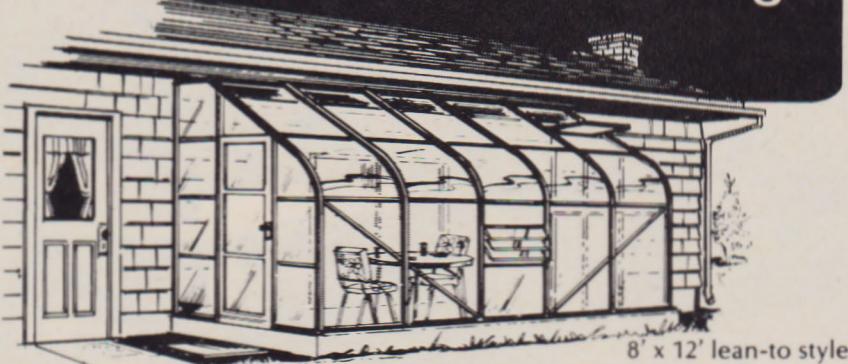
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Do-gooders from away infuriate Lorne, N.B.

Or half of Lorne, anyway. The other half thinks the Institute of Cultural Affairs may be just what the old town needed

There are no railway tracks near Lorne, a community of 1,000 people of mostly Irish-Acadian extraction, secreted in a forgotten fold of Restigouche County. Nevertheless, to be from Lorne has meant to be from the wrong side of the tracks even in New Brunswick's economically comatose north shore. In Lorne, until the coming three years ago of the Institute of Cultural Affairs—a puzzling, Chicago-based, Christian, human-development outfit—there were few jobs and little hope. Today that has changed, but Lorne is in an uproar. Half the residents look upon the ICA people as devils; and half, as angels. Parish priest Fernand Albert, an expert on both Lorne and the divine, suggests they are neither. "I told them to go slowly, to take it one step at a time. But they had to rush in."

The ICA has some big-name Maritimers on its Canadian board of advisers: Anglican Bishop Harold L. Nutter of Fredericton, UNB forestry dean Jack Ker of Fredericton, Caisse populaire federation director-general Martin Légère of Caraquet, businessman Lloyd Shaw of Halifax, and Belledune smelter manager Alan Young. One therefore wonders: Is there any basis for the allegation, voiced in some of the 10 North American project communities, that the ICA is a nest of crooks and cultists?

"I've seen the general financial statements," Bishop Nutter says. "They keep in touch.... Generally speaking, I believe they are an upstanding organization, but I'm sure they have their faults and probably have made mistakes." Fernand Albert says, "I have raised money for human-development work myself and some people probably think I'm a crook, too." Neither Nutter nor Albert sees any evidence of the "cult-like characteristics" attributed to the ICA by a U.S. Republican party study team.

Lorne is roughly midway between Bathurst and Dalhousie, six miles off the highway, a century old, stagnant for years. Fanning out on one main street, on either side of the Catholic church, are 250 homes, a smattering of

stores, a used-car dealer, and the ICA office. There's also a new Pentecostal church, an old sawmill, a new wood-working plant and a fire hall. The mix of homes ranges from brick bungalow to tarpaper shack.

On April 14, the day N.B. dailies carried a wire story about how the Metis residents of Vogar, Man., had petitioned the ICA to leave their village because it was "exploiting the community for its own gain and had fulfilled few of its promises," Lorne residents presented their own petition bearing 300 names. That night, an unauthorized handful sacked the ICA office, and forced six workers to flee under RCMP escort. The Lorne complaints echoed those expressed in Vogar and several U.S. communities.

Mathilda Godin is spokeswoman for the anti-ICA Concerned Citizens. In Manitoba, an ICA member at a Winnipeg bingo reportedly appealed for funds for the "starving" people of Vogar, where meals are a regular occurrence. Godin says Lorne has been misrepresented in the same manner: "They call it fund-raising; we call it begging [for they'll take] anything they can get from cracked eggs to stale doughnuts. As far as we know, they are begging it in the name of the Lorne project." Godin says, "They once took pictures of children, all messed up, just playing around, and made cards out of them to be sent across Canada as the children of Lorne. They did not ask the parents' permission."

Connie Mallely says the Concerned Citizens retraced the ICA's steps. "We went to stores from Bathurst to Campbellton to see if they were there for donations. Every store had been approached, and they were at Butternut [bread depot in Campbellton] for outdated bread, for Lorne. Since they've come here, I'll tell you, it's one against the other." She says the ICA cannot explain where the money raised in Lorne's name has gone: "When they first came here they stayed in the basement of the [parish] hall. There was a big explosion one day and the hall burned flat. Then they had the office in a mobile. There was a big

explosion another day and that burned. So when we ask them something about anything [they say] well, all our papers and all our materials burned."

Mallely argues that the ICA takes credit for everything, deserved or not. "See that rec centre being built? We did that. When I say 'we,' I mean it's the Lorne Recreation Council. The ICA had nothing to do with us, but they're still taking credit for that. They don't come out and say it right out, but they say all the things that's happened since they arrived."

The ICA helped establish two organizations, now run by local people, the Lorne Economic Development Council (LEDC) and the Lorne Human Development Council (LHDC). Colman Lapointe, 39, a father of two who came home from New Glasgow, N.S., and the west, is head of the LEDC. It has revived the sawmill (and adjacent shingle mill) and built a plant to make items such as coat racks and hall mirrors. The LEDC is a parent company (with \$10 shares for sale) with two subsidiaries (with \$1 shares for sale). Lapointe says the ICA provides business and technical advice free of charge: "At this point, they can't be replaced." The ultimate objectives are profits, further products and a minimum of 40 permanent jobs.

Ronald Lapointe, 26, is Colman's brother. He heads the LEDC. He points with pride to the new fire hall and a \$7,000 used truck bought from St. Quentin with residents' contributions. The provincial Municipal Affairs Department has lent Lorne a second, newer truck, and the fire department is now an independent organization. Lapointe says the LHDC has organized a pre-school, adult classes, a newsletter and a library, and saved an original settlement home for restoration.

Martin Carrier, 38, an unemployed construction worker who left school in Grade 3, actually joined the ICA and was taken on fund-raising sorties. He was the only local person along and said nothing. "I was the decoy." He was given a return ticket to Lusaka, Zambia. After 13 days he was broke and sick, unable to eat the meals of "sheema," which "looks like mashed potatoes but sure doesn't taste like it," and pumpkin leaves. He pleaded for money to return home. "I was given none. Finally I sold my watch to a Pole for \$12. That got me a meal and a taxi to the airport." Back in ICA's Montreal quarters, he was "ordered" to stay in his room when Lorne people showed

up "because they [ICA] didn't want them to see me."

Bill Bonnell, 33, a Toronto stock-broker's son who was born in Timmins, Ont., raised in Schumacher and Richmond Hills, Ont., and schooled in philosophy at Trent University, Peterborough, Ont., is the ICA official spokesman, sent in from Chicago. He says the ICA can become unpopular for two reasons: "The introduction of a project intensifies change and where you have rapid change, you can have polarization of opinion. Secondly, there have been a lot of misunderstandings about the ICA." There are projects like Lorne all over the world. He himself spent five years near Hong Kong. There are 100 ICA staff members in Chicago, 1,500 worldwide, plus countless "volunteers." Staff members all belong to a parent organization called the "Order: Ecumenical." Their income is "pooled and redistributed according to the needs of the individuals and families in the organization...the Order: Ecumenical does not seek funding for itself."

An RCMP investigation showed no misuse of funds by ICA; an FBI investigation continues. The U.S. Health Department established that \$175,000 that the department gave to ICA had been used properly but "accounting procedures were sub-standard."

Would Lorne have been better off had the ICA never come? Donna Richard, now working at the preschool, says Lorne was hardly a model community before: "Outsiders were never liked. I can recall some fellows from [nearby] Jacquet River driving out of Lorne with every window in their car broken from the rocks thrown at them. I remember when there was constant fighting between people on one side of the village and people on the other. That just hasn't happened since the ICA arrived."

Nutter says he recalls Lorne as a community paralysed by "despair and internal strife. What I see now is quite a different community. There is some semblance of self-respect." Albert says the most significant development is the character development in some people: "You have to know them to appreciate the change."

Still the program has flaws. Every dose of achievement seems to engender the harmful side-effect of acrimony, which infects more and more people until they finally turn on their supposed benefactors. It is as if these ICA idealists set out with two goals: To emulate the good works of their Master, and to come to His ending. — **Jon Everett**

Abortion squabble sours mixed hospital marriage

When the P.E.I. Hospital (Protestant) and the Charlottetown Hospital (Catholic) started talking marriage in the Sixties, anybody could have predicted trouble. Today, there's a new, \$35-million hospital under construction in Charlottetown's northeast sector, overlooking the Hillsborough River. By late 1981 or early 1982, it will replace the two existing hospitals. And, sure enough, the mixed



JACK CLUSLAND

Tomlins: Adamant

marriage that produced it is already dividing the Island community. Ironically, though, it's not a Catholic-versus-Protestant split at all. Thus far, the one major hitch in an otherwise smooth amalgamation is the question of abortions: Should they be performed at the new Queen Elizabeth Hospital? It's not that abortion is new on the Island. Since the Criminal Code was amended in 1969, permitting abortions when a hospital committee decides that a pregnancy is endangering a woman's life or health, 400 legal abortions have been performed on the Island. Two hospitals, the P.E.I. and the Prince County in Summerside, have abortion committees; in 1978, 60 legal abortions were carried out, two-thirds of them in Summerside.

There is, however, strong anti-abortion sentiment on the Island and a strong anti-abortion organization. Its president, Anne Marie Tomlins, 31, says the Right to Life Association has a membership of more than 500 and a board of directors representing six religious denominations. "We believe that most people in the province are against abortion," she says. "It's a very conservative area. It's a fairly religious area, as well."

The pro-life people presented their case to the new hospital board about two years ago. Since then, they've been trying for another meeting and urging the board to decide the abortion issue once and for all. The board says it

wants to wait for a recommendation from the combined medical staff; but the pro-lifers say abortion is a moral and civil rights issue as well as a medical one and shouldn't be decided by doctors alone. Last spring, the Right to Life Association started a \$1,000 newspaper advertising campaign against abortion. The group asked citizens not to give to the hospital's equipment fund until the decision on abortions is made. That presented pro-life Islanders with another moral head-scratcher: Does the hypothetical end (preventing abortions) justify the means (boycotting the hospital fund drive)?

Ministers and priests addressed the problem from the pulpit. The radio hotlines buzzed for weeks. Letters-to-the-editor columns were preoccupied with the subject day after day. "I agonized over it myself," says Tomlins. "The reason we felt conscience-bound to hold back donations is because the hospital board didn't make its decision....How can you in conscience contribute to any institution that will not define what its role is going to be? We're asking the hospital to say that it's going to save lives, not take any lives."

Kenneth Ezeard, the hospital's executive director, says the pro-life campaign hasn't seriously hurt fund-raising. As of late May, the hospital had collected more than \$2 million of its \$2.86 million goal. He thinks the campaign may, in fact, have backfired. The Catholic Church itself, he says, appears to be split over strategy.

The 16-member hospital board also appears to be split. It has almost a year to make up its mind. The medical staff is expected to make a recommendation by next spring. Then the board will draft hospital bylaws (under which an abortion committee would fall), and the bylaws will go on to the annual meeting of the corporation for ratification. That meeting is scheduled for June, and anybody who's paid a \$1 corporation membership can vote on the bylaws and, in effect, the abortion question. "It's going to be a big issue," Ezeard says. "I just hope it doesn't split the community."

— **Marian Bruce**

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In this nice Halifax neighborhood, a woman was raped

Why did police stop investigating? Why won't they talk about it? Well, it's a matter of "poor image"

Late one Saturday night, two men broke into the apartment of a woman who lived across the street from me in a seemingly safe, middle-class, Halifax neighborhood. They apparently planned to rob the place but, finding her alone, raped the woman. The case itself was unusual. Its aftermath, however, may not have been unusual at all and, to me, that's the most frightening part of the story.

Witnesses saw the attackers, which is not the case during most rapes. The woman's roommate and her boyfriend arrived at the apartment as the rapists made their getaway. Both the roommate and the boyfriend saw the two men. The landlord, Ross Shotton, who lived downstairs from the woman, heard a commotion in the upstairs flat and ran out on his veranda in time to see the men fleeing. They jumped into a car and, without turning on the lights, raced away through a stop sign, forcing other cars to screech to a halt. Shotton got a good description of the car, which had unusual features, and was even able to remember the last two numbers of the licence plate.

The woman's friends quickly called the police who arrived promptly, arranged for a medical examination, and launched what turned into an incredibly brief investigation. The next morning, they located a car fitting the description given by the landlord but the car's owner wasn't one of the rapists and apparently hadn't been driving the car the night before. As soon as he was put in a police lineup and cleared by the three eyewitnesses, the police investigation was "actively terminated."

Why? The reasons why the police stopped searching for the rapists in spite of the promising leads and eyewitness descriptions remain mysterious. The reasons why the public never heard anything about this particular rape, however, are now far less mysterious.

Ross Shotton believed publicity about the incident might encourage other witnesses, like the drivers forced to stop their cars during the getaway, to come forward with new leads. He

"It is not the policy of the [police] department...to unnecessarily cause citizens to become overly alarmed about certain crimes in their community. There are some citizens who...would like to know what is happening in their community, [but] there are just as many who do not wish such publicity for a variety of reasons."

wrote a letter to Halifax police chief Fitzgerald Fry asking why the police department was keeping the matter under wraps. Shotton also suggested that publicity "will inform people that such crimes do occur and prompt them to take more care with the security of their houses."

"It is not the policy of the department," Fry wrote back, "to unneces-

sarily cause citizens to become overly alarmed about certain crimes in their community. There are some citizens who, like you, Mr. Shotton, would like to know what is happening in their community, [but] there are just as many who do not wish such publicity for a variety of reasons."

Fry went on to suggest that publicity about such incidents might create a "poor image" for the neighborhood and cause real estate sales to suffer. He also argued that bringing attention to such crimes might make people nervous about being on the street, lead others to "criticize those living in such an area," create problems for schoolchildren, and attract more criminals.

Shotton was outraged. He said it was "insulting to Halifax residents to assume they wish to remain ignorant of such crimes and that it is somehow bad for them [to know about them]."

Following up on Shotton's letter, Brenda Shannon, the alderman for the area, requested a statement from the police on the department's policy on publicizing rape incidents. Two weeks after she made the request at a city council meeting, Shannon still hadn't received a reply from the police chief.

Chief Fry also turned down my request for an interview. Superintendent Harry Kinsman, the man in charge of the department's criminal investigations bureau, suggested there was "no real cause for alarm. The real intention was 'break and enter,' not rape." He said the department doesn't give out information about rape cases normally because they "don't have enough complaints to make it newsworthy." He also refused to give me statistics about the number of rapes in my neighborhood, arguing that it would be too much trouble for the department to provide such breakdowns. They only do that, he added, in cases of "major" crimes.

What that means, in the end, is that Haligonians will have to depend on the concern and good will of people like Ross Shotton merely to find out that a rape occurred across the street from them. It is not a comforting thought.

— Janet MacEachen

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The never-ending fiasco in St. John's council

When St. John's city council, against massive public opposition and contrary to its own bylaw, voted to permit construction of a bland, bulky 10-storey office building on the busiest corner of the city's struggling heritage conservation area, a lot of people shook their heads in disbelief. A few hours later Mayor Dorothy Wyatt, who had swung the split decision by exercising her extraordinary right to vote twice, told happy developer Harold Duffett he shouldn't bother waiting for a demolition permit to start clearing the site. Heads shook again. People wondered, "Is this the body that's going to lead us into oil-fired prosperity?" That was in February. Five months later, that episode remains a symbol of what's wrong with St. John's council.

"They run the city like a World War One pilot would fly a plane," David Webber says. "By the seat of their pants." Webber is general manager of the St. John's Heritage Foundation, charged with the job of pumping new life into the square-mile downtown conservation district. When federal and provincial funding backed the effort to save old St. John's in 1977, the city's part of the bargain was to pass a bylaw to protect that investment. On the strength of the city's commitment to control demolition, alterations and new building in the district, some \$6 million (public and private spending combined) has gone into sprucing up the old town core.

When council approved the Duffett building (despite its flagrant violation of the heritage bylaw), it broke that three-year-old trust. For the city to ignore its own bylaw, it turns out, is not illegal. The heritage bylaw, the envy of other cities, has never been backed up with the specifics of forceful zoning changes: The entire St. John's planning department, frustrated by council's disarray, quit before the necessary regulations could be drawn up. To make matters worse, developer Duffett has to buy and demolish a string of nearby older homes (some now being renovated) to make room for the parking spaces council requires for the office tower.



DICK GREEN

Councillor Duff: Enough's enough

Within a week of these astounding events, Municipal Affairs Minister Neil Windsor had whipped together a committee to rewrite the City of St. John's Act. Committee members now insist it's just a routine review, but Windsor made it clear the province is keeping an eye on council's behavior. The Duffett controversy, he told the legislature, "has raised the question of whether or not existing city plans, zoning and bylaws are adequate to protect the city from the intense pressure for development that may be expected as a result of offshore oil and gas."

"Sometimes I feel like I'm on the moon talking to creatures from outer space," says Councillor Shannie Duff about her efforts to get council to think ahead. (A city-wide development plan is still in the draft stages.) She accuses her council of lacking "political guts. I have no sense of our council being in control of the destiny of this city. You see, at the top you have a vacuum. It's called Dorothy Wyatt, who has remarked that planning only interferes with the creativity of developers. As long as that's her philosophy, the longer she keeps chaos reigning, the better." Other councillors, Duff says, like the mayor's double vote because it gets them off the decision-making hook. "They have sat there, waiting and hoping for development dollars to come in to increase the city's coffers and improve the employment situation, which would in turn help get them re-elected."

The heritage tangle is only the most observable symptom of growing unease

about council. "For eight years we've been trying to get the city to come to grips with the whole area of economic development," says Board of Trade vice-president Rick Emberly. "They could never find the money for an economic development officer. Now the pressure is on us and it's a mad scramble." Emberly resents the \$35,000-plus which council hastily found to hire Aberdeen oil-and-gas consultant John Duncan (*Atlantic Insight*, April); Duncan has since quit his job over conflicts with Deputy Mayor Ray O'Neill. St. John's will "pay dearly," Emberly says, because it won't be able to take the best advantage of its first big growth opportunity in many years: "Not to be immodest, but I think I know as much about investment interest in the city now as anyone at city hall—and that's an outrage." Emberly and four others have quit a moribund "economic development committee" which council set up a year ago. When it comes to confidence in council, he has "absolutely none."

Granted, it's not an easy time to be trying to run St. John's. The city is in "the doldrums between suburban boom and oil boom," says current planning director Tony de Jong. There's an optimism among downtown businessmen (enough to prompt a review of the heritage bylaw, which some feel inhibits commercial redevelopment), but there's as much stagnation as anticipation in this waiting period. People trying to unload downtown real estate are, in many cases, asking more than speculative buyers want to pay, and non-resident property owners continue to clog up efforts to get attractive establishments back on Water Street.

But split by petty infighting and without a ward system to keep them responsible to constituents, the mayor and councillors are content to fiddle while St. John's stumbles into boom-time. They yield to public pressure against two major road expansions and—not promising to find an alternative—they push horrendous traffic problems into the hazy future. Then, in uncustomary decisiveness, they give themselves an 8% raise.

Water Street merchant Walter Noel, who has run for council and lost, says, "People are getting fed up. They're seeing the damage that's being done to the city." That's bad news for council come the next election, in the fall of 1981. "That's democracy," Noel says. "People only get involved when things get so bad they can't stand it anymore."

— Amy Zierler

A woman's face is the central focus of the advertisement. Her skin has a distinct brick pattern, with reddish-brown bricks on her forehead, nose, and cheeks, and a white brick pattern on her eyes, mouth, and chin. She has dark hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

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Mandarin-messengers are a new jet set

Mercury, the Roman messenger of the gods, flew long distances on winged feet to deliver his dispatches. Today, Ottawa has high-flying messengers, too—senior federal bureaucrats who carry important messages between the regions and the capital. The trend now is to base a single federal civil servant in the Atlantic provinces to oversee his department's activities there and then have him routinely fly to Ottawa, briefcase in hand, to deliver the region's messages. Here's a rundown of what's in those briefcases these days.

Hartley McGee, an assistant deputy minister in the Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE), was among the first mandarin-messengers. Appointed in 1976, he's now responsible for 300 federal civil servants in the Atlantic region. Though McGee (a New Brunswicker by birth) lives in Moncton, he flies to Ottawa so often the airline knows his favorite seat. These days, he's trying to

interest his bosses, including DREE Minister **Pierre De Bané**, in high technology ocean industries that could be launched in the region. McGee knows these are "high risk" but figures the potential profit is worth the gamble. He'd like to see DREE invest \$100 million or more in such ventures. There's just one problem: DREE's annual budget is frozen at \$600 million and no more funds are likely to be forthcoming. McGee's plans will probably remain just plans.

The National Defence Department recently recalled **Vice-Admiral John Allan**, commander of Maritime Command in Halifax, to Ottawa. His replacement is **Vice-Admiral James Fulton**, Canada's military representative at NATO. When Fulton comes on board in August, he'll be responsible for all naval units on the east and west coasts, including 16,000 military and civilian personnel in the Halifax area. His message to Ottawa will probably be the same as Allan's was: Do some-

thing to correct sagging morale and shrinking numbers in the service; take quick action on the feds' \$1.58-billion promise of six new, fully equipped frigates. It's unlikely Fulton will get immediate answers.

Ever since **Clinton Edmonds** took on the Environment Department's new job of regional director general for the Atlantic region, just over a year ago, he's been using the airlines the way others use taxis. He's normally in Ottawa every two weeks but "once a week when times are bad, and twice a week when times are hectic." His top priority right now is the potential environmental hazards of offshore oil and gas exploration. An oil spill off Newfoundland, he says, would destroy bird colonies and fish stocks, foul Nova Scotia beaches, pollute the marshes that nurture ocean life and waterfowl. To alert the public, he's holding a scientific workshop on the subject in St. John's next December. "The results of an oil spill," he says, "could be mind boggling."

Some mandarin-messengers, such as **Art May**, assistant deputy minister for the Atlantic region in the Fisheries and Oceans Department, still live in Ottawa and commute to the Atlantic provinces. Last year, May spent 107 days in the region. He, too, carries a message back to his minister: The signs are not good for the fisheries market this year. The price for fish in the U.S.—our major buyer—is not keeping pace with inflation. Demand is slowing. "If this trend continues beyond 1980," May warns, "it could be a serious problem."

Before **Anne Thompson** joined the Canadian Government Office of Tourism (CGOT) last January, she worked 10 years in Prince Edward Island's own Tourism Department. That experience should prove useful during her three-year term as Ottawa's first senior tourism representative in Atlantic Canada. Co-operating with the four provinces, she'll be trying to map out a tourism strategy for the region. But a recent slip-up by the CGOT certainly won't make her new job any easier: Not long ago, they distributed a map to about a dozen American newspapers showing Nova Scotia occupying most of the state of Maine, and New Brunswick somewhere in the middle of the St. Lawrence River.

— Julianne Labreche

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Cover Story

Who's the best-known Canadian writer in Paris? Who's the first North American to win the coveted Prix Goncourt? The envelope, please. The winner is:

A 50-year-old ex-nun from

little, old Buctouche, N.B. She is

Antonine Maillet, novelist

By André Veniot

Her family and friends call her "Tonine," a nickname left over from a childhood that was filled with fairy tales, made-up adventure stories, cleaning ladies and death. She was 10 or 11 when she started to rebel against her mother, Virginie, "not to do bad things, but I felt I wanted my liberty." When Tonine was 14, cancer killed her mother.

"I felt there was something going wrong," she remembers. "My father was ill with Parkinson's disease but my

with the help of Mariaagélas, Gapi, La Bessonne, La Sagouine and Pélagie—the fairy tales she wove as a child would become the story of her Acadia. She is the mother of these people. She is Antonine Maillet, winner of the Prix Goncourt 1979.

Antonine Maillet is busy these days. You don't win the most important literary award in the French-speaking world without having reporters, universities and governments wanting to interview you, award you honorary deg-

copies in Europe. Moreover, it was the first literary work ever to sell more than 100,000 copies in Quebec. Meanwhile, Maillet was hard at work on the screenplay for a movie version of the book. It's a \$10-million production by Nielsen Ferns International, Toronto, and she'll get a percentage of that. What percentage? She laughs, says, "Don't ask."

Maillet is constantly on the move. Paris, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec City. Buctouche. Yes, Buctouche. It's a coastal village north of Moncton, and



In French or English, she's vital, witty. Her words leap, dip, flow effortlessly

mother died. I felt ashamed of myself because I didn't want to feel free to the point of killing my mother."

"Of course, I had nothing to do with it," she says with a smile, knowing now how a child of loving parents reacts to sudden tragedy. "On the one hand I felt ashamed for feeling free. On the other, I rebelled against God for doing that. I felt God was cheating me....He had more or less killed the wrong person."

But she had her Acadian past, the mythic past of 200 years of survival, dispersal, illness and death, of scraping for a living in woods and on the water. Her forbears had endured all this with grimness born of reality and humor born of despair. "Tonine" would endure, too. She would grow up and—

rees, give you standing ovations where laws are made. No, not if you're the first North American to win the award, and only the sixth woman. (She's in illustrious company; previous winners include Simone de Beauvoir, Marcel Proust, André Malraux.) And especially not if you're the first Canadian, the first Acadian and, to the immense disappointment of the Quebec *literati*, the first French Canadian to win the prize.

Elaborate ritual surrounds the awarding of the Prix Goncourt, and immense prestige surrounds its winner. In cash, it's worth a mere \$12 but in book sales the rewards are massive. Earlier this year, the novel with which Maillet earned the Prix Goncourt, *Pélagie-la-Charette*, had already sold 300,000

earlier this year, more than 700 people honored her there in the theatre that bears her name in Clément Cormier High School. (Acadians like to praise their heroes and heroines while they're still alive.) It's here in Buctouche that she was born 50 years ago. It's here where she keeps her second home, a renovated lighthouse. It's here that she got her inspirations for the characters that people her books.

In the high school theatre, she was among "my people," and she told them, "It's not only me that the French academics have recognized in giving me the Prix Goncourt, it's also you Acadians, you who have been able to conserve what the French themselves have never been able to: A language and a culture with which we were all

born." Maillet has put her home town on the map. Sister Thérèse Roy says visitors now ask, "Is Moncton near Buctouche?"

Sister Thérèse works at the village museum where she hopes to have a room dedicated to Maillet, "with photocopies of her diplomas, and all her works." One room already honors La Sagouine who, until Pélagie-la-Charrette, was the most famous of Maillet's creations. La Sagouine is a charwoman, on the lowest rung of an Acadian society that's now gone. As immortalized on radio by Maillet herself and then, in more than 600 stage appearances, by her friend Viola Léger, La Sagouine is a ruthlessly honest woman who slices through hypocrisy with humor.

"I knew characters like that," Maillet says, her blue eyes flashing and her fingers darting. "In the beginning I felt they were so happy, they were so wonderful to be free. They didn't have to go to church on Sunday, they didn't have to learn their lessons and to say 'Merci beaucoup,' 'Excusez-moi,' and be polite, and blow their noses. They were so free, and I thought, 'Gee, how I would love to be that way.'"

But she would discover that, for "below-the-track" cleaning ladies, freedom had a price, a high price—such as the death of a child because the house was too small and cold, and the parents too poor. In 1968, she listened to a cleaning lady talk about life in Buctouche, "and what she told me was so important, so essential, so dramatic and funny, I was laughing all the time. Yet it was tragic."

Maillet knew then she would write what the cleaning lady had told her, expand on it, build it, bring the Acadian patois of the woman alive. "But three months later the woman was dead. The day I heard, I knew. I had a kick in the belly, I felt she was going to live again."

She began *La Sagouine* two years after, "remembering everything."

"It came to me just like that, as if it had matured. It was ripe. I started writing not knowing what the next sentence would be. I started with the last chapter—Death."

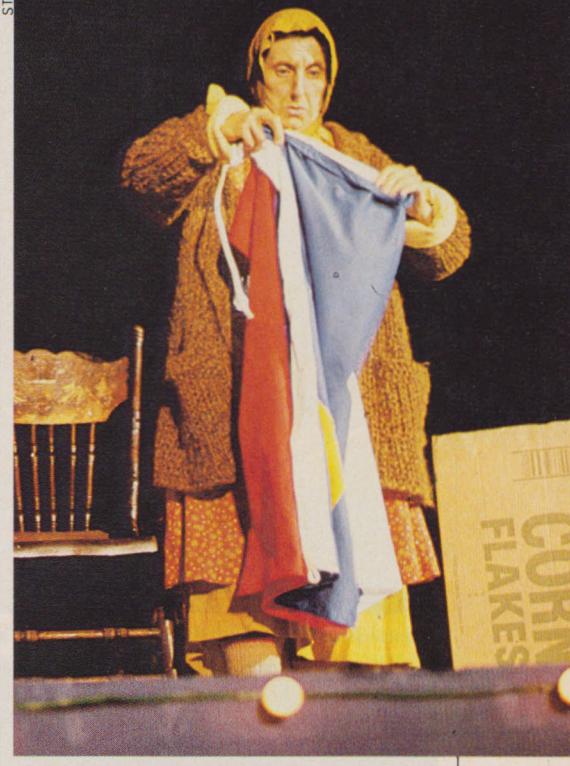
Antonine Maillet lives on a quiet, tree-lined street in the Outremont section of Montreal. Her two-storey, red-brick house is much like all the others. No signs say she lives here, but the neighbors know. How do they react to a famous author living among them? "Just as if a famous author lives next door," she laughs. They come, ring the door bell, and ask for her autograph. She doesn't seem to mind.

Photographer Jack Cusano and I arrive at her house at 2:30 on a sun-

filled but cool afternoon. We've got 90 minutes with her. At 4 p.m., a reporter from *Lettres Québécoises* has an appointment with her, and the next morning someone from the *Toronto Star*. The media are lionizing her. A petite blond with lively eyes, she wears her fame well, as well as she wears the beige blouse and brown skirt in which she greets us. She sits, tucks her feet underneath her, starts to talk. In French or English, her words flow effortlessly. They leap and dip and, when she talks about her childhood, she even adopts a little-girl voice: "I was a girl of my age. I loved to play much more than to read or write. Storytellers were just as important in my formation as any writer or teacher."

A neighbor, Alice Goguen, told her about Goldilocks and "le petit poucet—Tom Thumb. I found the treasure land with her.... And all the maids that came home, the first thing when they got in the house, I would say, 'Do you know any tales, do you know any stories?' And they did. They were the best storytellers." She and her friends, Dolinda and Marie-Reine, and her sister Cécile made up their own adventures, "invented things, rebuilt our world." Using syllables from their own names, they formed DoMaToCile. That was "a special order of the garter, like the

STEPHEN HOMER



La Sagouine, a famous Maillet creation



At work in Montreal. The neighbors know she's there—and that she's famous

Cover Story



Montrealers ring her doorbell, request her autograph, chat with her in park

KAREN COSHOF

today for having even thought that. I thought as a child would—that, first, being English, he was responsible for everything that had happened to us. We had been deported, we had lost our land and, of course, the English were to blame." Her eyes twinkle.

The young Maillet never wondered whether an Englishman could be on "the right side." In Acadia of the legends of Evangeline and the deportation, such speculation would have been heresy. During her youth, her people felt a certain fatalism about the inevitability of oppression. "At the very beginning of my life he [Irving] was the enemy, a powerful enemy, but at the same time I admired him because he was so strong, because in a way he managed to do it." She hesitates, looking for the right word. "And to do it...so gently."

Maillet was the youngest of nine children and, when her mother died, found herself at l'Academie Notre Dame Sacré Coeur in Memramcook. There, the nuns taught her "in such a way that I was not discovering learning, I was discovering the world." Her love of those nuns—Mother Jeanne de Valois, Sister Marie Dorothee, Mother Juliette—has grown stronger with her memory of them. "Those women," she says, "were far above, far, far above the best in Canada. I know. I've met many since then, and they weren't as good."

In 1951, Maillet, like three of her sisters, became a nun. People who know her told me she doesn't like to discuss that period in her life but, when I ask her about it, she answers freely: "To be really honest, in Acadia it was more a cultural question than anything else. In Acadia, there was one college for girls, and I wanted to be a schoolteacher, to teach literature, and that [becoming a nun] was the normal way."

She shifts position in her chair, as if to make sure I understand: "I was not *using* the convent...but I mean I had no other way to express myself *fully*, which I could only do in the cultural world, outside of that specific world of teaching. All of the teaching and the cultural work, both for men and for women in that period—the early Fifties—was within the orders."

Catholicism was part and parcel of one's life. It suffused the whole community and now, a long time later, it's still painful to explain how one could devote nearly half of one's adult life to the sisterhood before leaving it: "It's difficult for me to express. It would seem as if I were using the Church. I



JACK CISANO

Closer to home, Saint Mary's University, Halifax, gave her an honorary degree

musketeers, trying to bring back rights, to fight evil. We were a kind of Don Quixote people."

Meanwhile, her parents and school-teachers developed her sense of *l'Acadie*, tied it to a notion of culture, of a land to recover. "Very, very young," she recalls, "I felt I was implicated. I wanted to do something about it, like kill somebody or try to recover something I once owned."

Part of growing up was a mistrust and fear of the English. I mention another famous native of Buctouche, K.C. Irving. In Maillet's youth, Buctouche was a company town and, in important respects, it belonged to Irving.

"K.C. Irving was God, but the bad God because he was too powerful—we accepted only God to be powerful—but he was for us really, and I'm sorry

don't feel I did. I was really honest at that moment. I felt that those persons were serving the country that way, and I was using that as a means to get to the people. But the moment I found out I was doing it that way, and it was more or less nonsense, or it was a pastime, then I went away. It was as simple as that."

It was not till the mid-Sixties that she left the sisterhood. Meanwhile, she started to write, earned a doctorate in philosophy, got two Canada Council grants. In the early Seventies she published almost a book a year, and in 1972 her novel *Don l'Orignal* won a Governor-General's Award. In '78, her novel *Les Cordes de bois* came within one vote of earning the Prix Goncourt. And last fall, the judges at the Drouant restaurant in Paris had little choice but to give it to her for *Pélagie-la-Charette*. In this novel, she brought to full flower the past of the Great Deportation of 1755.

News of the prize swept through Acadia and, in Quebec and France, the French fell in love with Maillet. "I have avenged my ancestors," she said but, as *The New York Times* observed, "little note of the honor was taken in English-speaking Canada." English Canada is only now discovering Antoinette Maillet and her heroine, Pélagie. But among Acadians, Pélagie is already a new cultural heroine, one who stands beside Evangeline.

Her story is as old as that of Homer's Ulysses and, in its own way, just as mythical. It's about a strong-willed woman who, while working in the fields of Georgia, decides to go home to Acadia. The journey takes 10 years, in cow-drawn carts. As Maillet has said, "When they built their carts, they were just families. By the time they returned to Acadia, they were a people."

The book is an affirmation of life, of the will to survive, of the spirit of Maillet's Acadian ancestors, of her Acadia. "Acadia is a piece of land," she says, "where people live, people that are more and more conscious that they have a way of living which has this special little difference from anywhere else in North America. We manage to survive almost with just a sense of humor, a sense of timing, a very silent and quiet way of going towards something. It's remarkable. It's a miracle that Acadia is still alive, and yet that miracle was made without anything flashy."

Then, the woman who showed the world what Acadia was all about, a woman as strong-willed as her heroines, smiles, and her eyes light up. She sits back, content with her own strong faith in the miracle. 



John McNicholl, Manager - Intermodal Sales & Overseas Markets, CN Rail, Winnipeg

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Psychology

Are Grits prettier than the Tories?

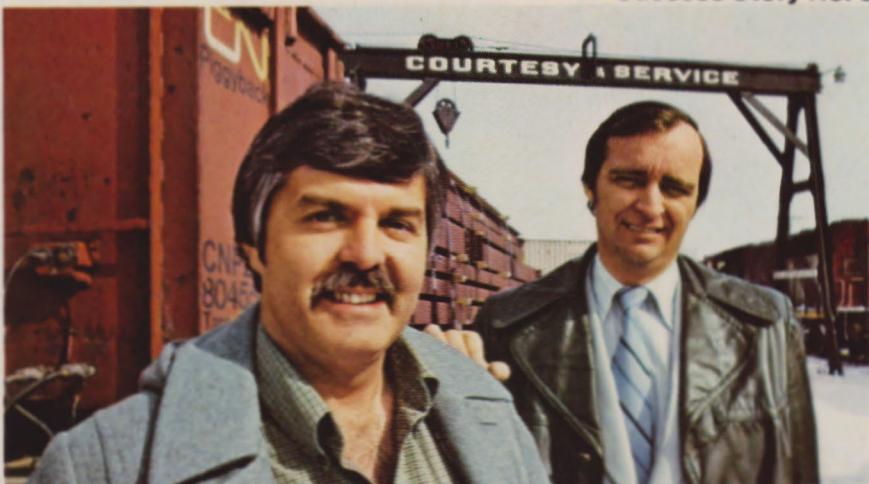
And why do the NDP feel so darned unattractive?

Research by St. Francis Xavier psychology professor Ronald Johnson suggests most people think they can guess someone's party affiliation just by looking at him or her. During the last two federal campaigns, Johnson and his student researchers showed photos of 28 men and 28 women to people in malls, laundromats, and restaurants in Halifax and in the riding of Cape Breton Highlands-Canso. They asked these voters to state their own party affiliation, and then guess the parties of the people in the pictures.

"I had expected people to pick out the more attractive people and say, 'This person belongs to my party,' and to pick out the less attractive people as members of the other two parties," Johnson said. And sure enough, Grits said the attractive people were Grits, Tories said the attractive people were Tories. Only the NDP were a surprise. They tended to identify the handsome people as Liberal or Conservative, and the *less* attractive ones as members of their own party.

Why? Well Johnson wants to conduct more research before explaining what these results mean. But he has some ideas. For one thing, the NDP amount to only about 5% of the population in the two areas he studied, and minority groups habitually see themselves as others see them. (For a long time, American blacks saw themselves as less attractive partly because that's how the powerful white majority saw them. As white attitudes changed, blacks began to regard themselves as attractive.) Johnson's findings about NDP attitudes might therefore reflect the negative self-image of a minority grouping.

But his NDP friends argue that his study reflects a genuine moral superiority in their party. Since NDP members are not authoritarian, the argument runs, they don't fall into stereotypes as easily as others do. Another theory is that since the NDP is a



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working-class party, its members simply assume the so-called beautiful people are somewhere else.

"As a social psychologist," Johnson says, "my job is to present questions that research can answer. I've done the study twice now in areas where the NDP is a minority party. I got exactly the same results both times. Next, I need to do it in a riding where the NDP is the dominant party to see if that changes things."

Don't people refuse to co-operate?

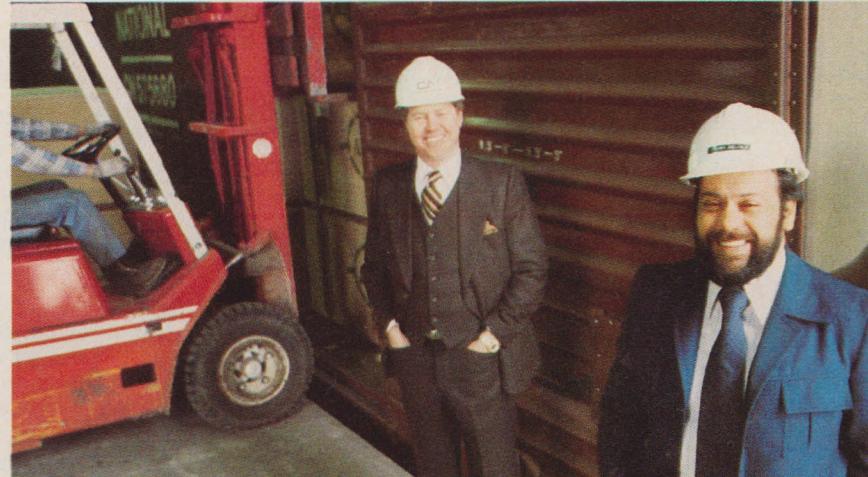
"Surprisingly, we've had only three people out of about 500 refuse to look at the photos," Johnson says. "Some people say they don't believe you can tell the difference between people's party affiliations by looking at their faces. But then they look at the photos and say, 'Gee, this one really looks like a Conservative.' Others tell me later, 'I just picked them eeny-meeny-miney-moe.' But then when I look at the data, I find they didn't do that at all. Without realizing it, they picked it on the basis of physical attractiveness."

It's all part of a bigger project. Johnson wants to discover how people of all kinds respond to physical attractiveness. He's carrying out similar studies to find out if most people think feminists, homosexuals and the divorced are more or less attractive than others.

— Philip Milner

Sorry, Nova Scotia. Read it and weep

Canada's ocean playground it may be. But, alas, Nova Scotia is no sex symbol. The word is out from John P. Wincze, an associate professor of psychiatry at Brown University and chief psychologist of the sexual performance laboratory at the Veterans Administration Medical Centre in Providence, R.I. Prof. Wincze and his researchers wanted to measure the sexual responses of volunteers watching two-minute film clips. The test film had three parts: An anxiety segment, a neutral scene and an erotic scene. The anxiety segment showed a fatal car accident, complete with a sound track of victims' death cries. The erotic scene showed a nude couple engaged in...well, engaged in not having a car accident. And the neutral scene? It was a travelogue about Nova Scotia. Researchers experimented with the order of the sequences and found that when they put the car accident first, followed by the erotic segment the volunteer voyeurs became more sexually aroused than when they saw the Nova Scotia film first. Oh well.



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Folks



PETER PARSONS

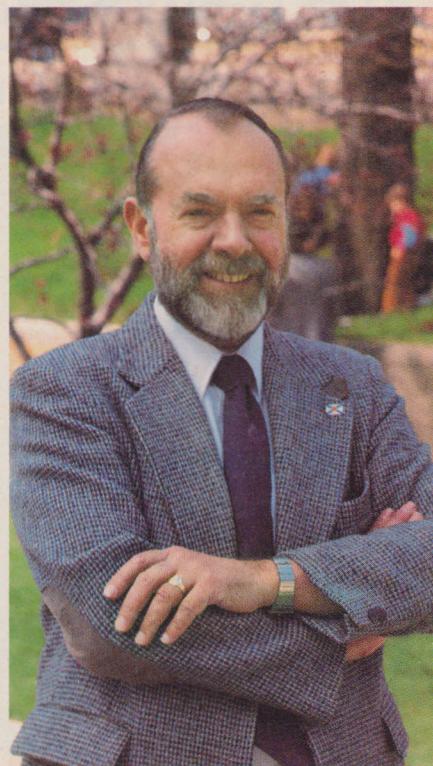
Singing messengers Laurana (left), Mary-Celine

After six months of delivering singing telegrams, **Mary-Celine, Laurana and Janice Ronayne** of Dartmouth, N.S., don't bat an eye when a wife wants monkey-printed underwear sent to her husband along with the song, or a housebound mother requests a special message for her pub-hopping spouse. "Nothing is strange anymore," says Janice. She sings telegrams on the telephone. Mary-Celine sings them in person, dressed in a red and black Western Union messenger's uniform. She started Barney's Tell' N' Tell after a trip to California where the singing telegram business is big. Her investment was \$400, plus business tips from her mother, Eugenia. Head office is in Janice's home. So far, Barney's has done business every day. A simple singing telegram costs \$12. More complicated personal messages, set to tunes like "Hello Dolly," cost up to \$40. Office staff often want messages delivered to a co-worker on the job or at a tavern. The Ronaynes expected lots of business doing telephone birthday messages for kids, but most customers are between 30 and 45. What's next for Barney's? Maybe copycatting the latest U.S. singing telegram trend: The greeting of your choice, delivered by a Dolly Parton look-alike.

At a fiercely competitive Christmas crafts show in Toronto, Newfoundland gets two booths each year, no questions asked. The reason is **Marget Davis**. She's called a "home crafts specialist," and when she took up her

job at the provincial Department of Rural Development four years ago, Newfoundland had no craft industry beyond well-established efforts to support the province's cottage hospitals. But today, things have taken off. "People are looking for Newfoundland goods for their quality," she says. "They're solid, unslick." Davis's office provides organizing, marketing and design support for groups and individuals, rural or urban, who want to sell their homemade goods—mitts, birchbrooms, tinware, dufflework. "One of the things we love to do is send people to Toronto," she says. "It horrifies them, but they see how the market works." The latest brainstorm to come out of her office is a souvenir competition, to stimulate a local souvenir industry. Entries were funny, exquisite, imaginative. "It's mainly to get people thinking," Davis says.

Happiness for **Sherman Zwicker** of Lunenburg and Halifax is "doing what you like and getting paid." What he likes is community work and as the Union of Nova Scotia Municipalities' new executive director, his community covers 66 municipalities. The union roots for them and tries for consensus on common issues, because, Zwicker says, "if we don't hang together, we'll hang separately." Lunenburg's still home for Zwicker, a former mayor of



Zwicker: A leader from the ranks

the town, and he commutes 91 km to Halifax. A big supporter of community involvement, he's served many volunteer organizations from the bottom up and believes "you make a better leader if you've served in the ranks." At 50, he's been courted for political office but says he's not tempted. "I am idealistic but hope my passions are tempered with reason," he says, "not quite the buffoon my friends think I am." He's still feeling his way around at the union and hopes to resist his tendency to become over-involved in other things by reminding himself, "I'm not 25."

JACK CUSANO

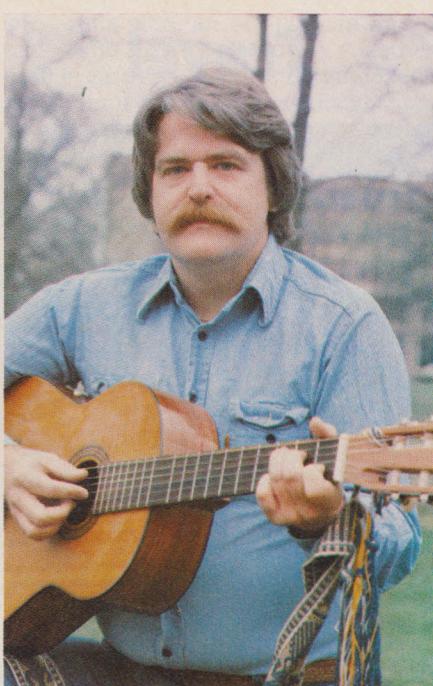


Vali with handler, Shauneen Hood

The award for one of the toughest acting jobs at the Charlottetown Festival surely should go to a novice from Southport, P.E.I. Donessle's Spring Promise, otherwise known as **Vali**, is a year-old female boxer who's signed up for the role of a male dog four times her size. Vali, owned by Charlottetown pharmacist Warren Hood, plays a mastiff named Dougal in *Fauntleroy*, this summer's new musical at Confederation Centre. Hood insists that she live at home and commute every day to the theatre with a chaperon, his daughter Shauneen, 18. She's Vali's handler in the show ring. Hood says Vali has excellent bloodlines and should have a brilliant career in the show ring. He's not so sure about the theatre. Although Vali is a gentle dog, well behaved in the ring, boxers are one of the hardest breeds to train: "They're stubborn, headstrong, very canny. They're more like humans." Vali was discovered by a dog-food company that was acting as a talent scout for the producers of *Fauntleroy*.

At that point, the producers were prepared to write the dog out of the script because of problems in finding, lodging and training a suitable dog. (See *Atlantic Insight*, June.) But the scout recommended auditioning a boxer for the part. It would be easier to handle than a mastiff: Not quite the same thing—but a reasonable facsimile.

Sawmill operators who use conventional circular saws lose up to 25% of their logs to sawdust. That's a waste of wood and energy, but so far nobody's had much choice. Now **Bill Smith** and **Jim Church**, engineers at Memorial University of Newfoundland, have invented the "MUN Sash Saw" which cuts sawdust loss to below 10% and runs on a fraction of the power. Instead of spinning, a sash saw slides up and down in a window-like frame. The blade is thin, light and quiet even when it's chugging through a log. Europeans have used sash saws for years, but their moving-frame models are complicated, expensive and hard to maintain. "I don't think really sophisticated equipment is what's needed here," Smith says. He took the vertical blade and, using an idea he picked up from the paper industry, suspended it with light-weight plastic springs set in a fixed frame. The only wearing part is the blade itself. This summer, Smith (Church has moved to the University of Waterloo) will fix a series of parallel blades to his prototype—it's designed to cut a log into boards with a single run through the saw. He can't quote a price yet, but says the saw is definitely affordable. Next step is to find a company which can get the saw into production.



Boyle: Old tunes arouse passions

Wendall Boyle, 33, of North River, P.E.I., grew up in an era when it was all the rage to sing about Appalachian coal miners, British sailors and Kentucky moonshiners. Nobody was paying much attention to Prince Edward Island's own rich folksong heritage. "I kept asking where the Island's traditional songs were," Boyle says. He found some in published collections by folklorists Helen Creighton of Nova Scotia and Alexander Ives of the University of Maine. Others he picked up from friends and neighbors, who'd learned from parents and grandparents. Now, Boyle is one of the few Islanders who still know the old songs. A regular on Charlottetown's CBC *Information Morning* radio show, Boyle sings ballads dating back to the 1800s, and explains the background of each song. He also runs a grocery store at Cavendish during the summer, dabbles in theatre, does some substitute teaching and leads, he says, "a very sundry sort of life." Some of his songs describe long-dead citizens and ancient events, but they still arouse old passions. "Sometimes I get calls from people who get upset about what I sing on the radio," he says. "They'll say, 'You've got your nerve getting on there and singing *that* song.'"

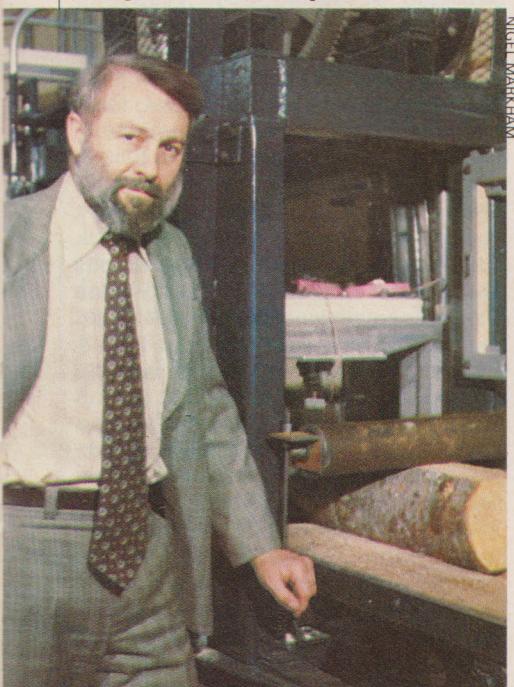
To the rest of the world, **Rosemarie Landry** may be a rising star in the operatic firmament. But to her native New Brunswick, she's more like a comet—a dazzling apparition that returns only after years. The soprano sings mostly in recitals or with symphony orchestras. This spring she performed in five New Brunswick communities including home town, Cara-

quet, plus St. John's, Nfld. But she won't tour Atlantic Canada again for some time. "I'm booked up until 1982," says Landry, a former star of Saint John's week-long New Brunswick Festival of Music. Her career soared when she won the 1976 national CBC Talent Contest and now she travels with the elite—her accompanist last year in Nova Scotia and again this year was Saint John-born Jane Coop who continued on to New York's Carnegie Hall—and her future is on the international stage. But though she now lives in Toronto (with husband Fernand Doucet, formerly of Campbellton), she hasn't forgotten her roots: At her concerts, Landry always includes some Acadian folksongs with the French art songs and German lieder.

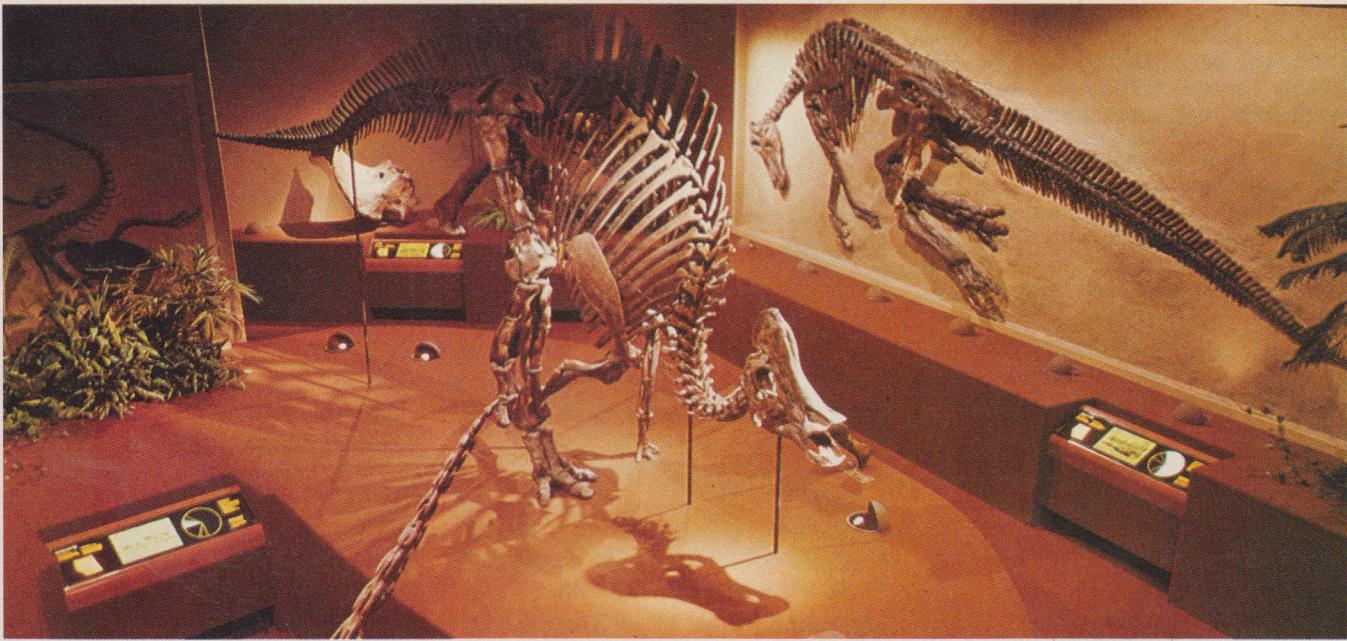


Green: Handicapped aren't helpless

When **Joan Green** isn't co-ordinating Saint John's 250 Meals on Wheels volunteers, she works on a newsletter for the 150 residents of Rocmaura Nursing Home or promotes the Centres Offering Independent Lifestyles (COIL) organization. (She's a director.) "People think a handicapped person has to be a burden on society and the economy, but it just doesn't have to be that way," Green says. She's the living proof: A victim of crippling arthritis since childhood who's been confined to bed and wheelchair for 20 years. This spring, on her 36th birthday, she was named First Lady of the Year by the city's 10 Beta Sigma Phi sorority chapters. Green, who is from Apohaqui and now lives in the Rocmaura home, has been co-ordinating the volunteers who deliver hot meals to the sick and elderly for three years. Although she had to stop attending school in Grade 6, she feels education can help dispel the myth of helplessness that prevents handicapped people from trying to achieve. "We do have something to give," she says. ☒



Smith: Supersaw rolls nearer



Dinosaur bones at National Science Museum

The great museums of Ottawa

Dinosaurs, baby chicks, human bones, immortal art, rocks, rockets and razzamatazz...and much, much more

By Julianne Labreche

A few decades ago, a visit to Ottawa's National Museum was as much fun as touring a local funeral parlor. Museum visitors—and there were few—could see dusty rows of rocks in drawers, pinioned bugs and tattered, moth-eaten stuffed birds and animals. It was nirvana for hermit-like researchers but a big yawn for anyone else. "I was struck with the dilapidated state of the displays. The public came last," said one visiting anthropologist in the 1930s.

Then, starting in the Fifties, the heavy museum doors swung open, welcoming visitors. By the late Sixties, the national museums—now there were four—came alive with a kaleidoscope of bright colors, stereo sound and bold graphics. They were *fun*. Today, Ottawa's museums are razzle-dazzle places filled with real-life artifacts yet as unreal as Disneyland or a Wild West movie. Tourists, including many from Atlantic Canada, are getting to know the national museums all over again.

For museum buffs, landing in Ottawa with its 25 galleries and museums is like discovering the mother lode. Stamp enthusiasts have the National Postal Museum; skiers, the Canadian Ski Museum. For money lovers, a new

currency museum opens soon at the Bank of Canada. And there are the four national museums and two large spinoff collections. Last year, they attracted 1.7 million visitors and 2 million more at travelling exhibits. The only problem is where to start.

Sarah, 5, wants to see the dinosaurs. Her brother, Kevin, 10, who likes to draw birds, is keen on the bird and mammal exhibit. (I have borrowed the kids from a friend.) And I want to see the reconstruction of an archeological dig. We compromise and decide to see everything.

From a distance, the Victoria Memorial Museum, which houses the National Museum of Man and the National Museum of Natural Science, looks like a medieval castle with its four stone turrets, Roman buttresses and the niched parapet around its rooftop. Only the backdrop of downtown office buildings destroys the fantasy. Years ago, its architecture attracted Parliament and the Senate, whose members used it as their temporary chambers after a fire destroyed the Parliament Buildings in 1916. But as castles go the Victoria Memorial turned out to be only slightly more solid than a sandcastle. Not long after it was built in

1911, the 65,000-ton building started to sink into a bed of compressible marine clay. In 1969 it closed for structural repairs. When it reopened, in 1974, the museum was restored and its exhibits had got a major facelift. Now, says Frank Corcoran, the P.E.I. man who's second in command at the Museum of Man, "we're geared to entertainment as well as education."

The four-storey high totem poles rising from the foyer between the twin museums spark Sarah's interest. One, a Tsimshian totem pole, was originally erected in 1870 for the chief of a British Columbian wolf clan. They placed his body high up in a plain box, with a solitary wooden wolf standing guard. Sarah figured if she were a giant she could climb that totem pole and touch the roof. Kevin wanted to climb it that instant.

The National Museum of Natural Science, with its six permanent exhibit halls, seems to go on forever. It's only a small sample of an enormous collection: In warehouses scattered across the city, there are 2,600,000 molluscs, 250,000 fishes, 80,000 reptiles and amphibians, 79,000 birds and 44,000 mammals—all dead and neatly numbered. We pass the 385-pound meteorite from outer space, the shiny gems, the jawless fish imprinted on rock, and enter a "time corridor" taking us back thousands of years to the last Ice Age.

Deep down we go, into the dimly lit Dinosaur Court, where mounted skeletons of dinosaurs that wandered Canada's wilds 75 million years ago loom in the shadows. In one corner, a horned dinosaur defends itself with its mighty club-like tail against a four-ton, 28-foot tyrannosaurus, out for any easy lunch. A triceratops (a vegetarian that once roamed the prairie swamps) stands amid leafy green palms. There is the fleet ostrich dinosaur, capable of a 50-mile-an-hour getaway and the stenonychosaurus, a carnivorous bantam-weight among dinosaurs that weighed only 100 pounds. "We've got a *tyrannosaurus rex* next door," says Kevin, breaking the silence. "Our neighbor, who won't let us play in his front yard."

On our way out, we pass the bones of a sabre-toothed tiger, an American mastodon and a beluga whale. But the strangest sight is the lower jawbone of a bear-sized beaver. What kind of dams did those big buck teeth create?

Upstairs are birds, hundreds of them. Stiff-limbed, they seem to fly, perch in trees, scratch for food and lay on nests. It's as if a chunk of earth and sky were placed behind the floor-to-ceiling glass plates. There is a prairie marsh with sloughs full of ducks, a piece of frozen arctic tundra with snow geese. There are skylarks, starlings and house sparrows, none native to Canada, but brought here by immigrants. And birds now extinct: The great auk, the passenger pigeon, and the Labrador duck. There are stuffed animals in the next room looking as if they're on a Hollywood movie set: Two wolves attacking a buffalo, a mountain lion and her two cubs, bears, bats and raccoons.

"The proper study of mankind is man," said Alexander Pope, the great 18th-century poet, and the Museum of Man honors that dictum. We pass a crowd of schoolchildren touring "The Trail of Mankind," a history of man's evolution over four million years, and arrive at "The Dig," an almost life-size reconstruction of an archeological excavation at the Tsimshian Indian village on Dodge Island, near Prince Rupert, B.C. The village was abandoned over 200 years ago. Picking up a telephone, I hear the voice of the archeologist who worked at the site. "Welcome to the dig," he says. "We worked on this site in the summers of 1968, '69 and '70 and brought back 32 tons of the site itself to build this reconstruction."

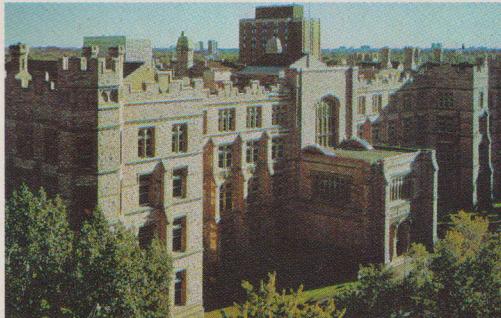
Sounds of piping frogs, birds and the roar of the ocean fill the air. Twenty feet below, at the bottom of the dig, the soil is full of shells—butter clams, basket cockles and mussels—once steamed and eaten by Indians. In one square lie what's left of six peo-

ple—four men, an old woman and a girl—who died mysteriously together 1,500 years ago. A museum guide tells me Indians are angry that the anthropologists display the skeletons. The dead deserve more respect, the Indians say. But the bones remain and crowds continue to stare.

Further on, we find the Inuit Hall. It honors the achievement of Diamond Jenness, a famous anthropologist who lived in the Arctic with the Copper Eskimos between 1914 and 1916. A photograph shows Jenness standing between the Eskimo couple that "adopted" him and taught him survival in the frozen north. A slender kayak hangs

treatment at the museum, located near Ottawa's trendy Market district. It also downplays war's destruction. What's left is a rather sterile depiction of war illustrated with a valuable array of artifacts, ranging from the chair and chess set used by James Wolfe—slain British leader of the Plains of Abraham—to the shiny black Nazi staff car reputedly owned by Reich Marshal Hermann Goering.

There's a large collection of tanks, cannons, guns, swords, uniforms and war art (6,000 paintings, rotated and displayed in temporary exhibits). Kevin likes the reconstruction of a First World War trench best. It's walk-in



Victoria Museum resembles a castle



Crazy Kitchen: It's dizzying



War Museum rekindles memories



You can touch these car exhibits

high in the hall and in one corner there's an igloo with furs and cooking utensils inside. A model of a caribou drive shows the *inak'suit* or stone men that hunters used as decoys to drive the caribou to ambush. The old ways began to vanish when an RCMP post, a mission and a trading post opened in 1916. Another photo at the end of the exhibit tells the story: It shows a young Inuit mother and child, dressed in hand-embroidered parkas, standing in the tinned goods section of a grocery store. But "The Buffalo Hunters" exhibit has the ceremonial headdress worn by Chief Rain-in-the-Face against Custer at the Battle of Little Big Horn. And there are three more floors to see.

"There's a natural antipathy in this country towards a strutting, glorified military," says Victor Suthren, curator of exhibitions at the Canadian War Museum. "That's fine and healthy." The trappings of war—the brass bands, the medals, and marches—get low-key

drama where, in semi-darkness, you peer through a space between sandbags and see the enemy far away while guns blast away. It should have been frightening but, not being real, it was fun. Even at the War Museum (officially, a branch of the Museum of Man), entertainment matters. What matters more is rekindling old memories. Many middle-aged and elderly veterans of the two World Wars visit the museum to see models of the naval vessels they sailed in and the weapons they fought with.

In late August the War Museum will celebrate its centennial with living history on the front lawn. About 20 local people and their families dressed in period costume will re-enact the arrival of the Royal Highland Emigrants—loyalists who came to Canada after the American Revolution. They'll set up tents, start cookfires and camp for two days.

For some, the National Gallery of

Travel

Art is jarring: It fits into a museum tour like a broken chunk of a jigsaw puzzle. But federal bureaucrats say art history is also part of Canada's heritage. Every summer afternoon at two (except on Saturdays) there's a free tour around the National Gallery (which, incidentally, is now celebrating its centennial). The place is almost empty the day of our visit, even though it's just a short walk from Parliament Hill and a tourist attraction. So much the better. We get a clear view of the Gallery's valuable collection, ranging from European Old Masters such as Rembrandt and El Greco to works by Canada's Group of Seven.

The brochure we pick up at the entrance brags that the collection only costs Canadians 27 cents apiece. Truth is, the Gallery would desperately like to charge taxpayers more. It wants new quarters to replace its present home, which one curator calls "an unglorified office building." In 1977, a firm of Toronto architects won the design competition for a new, \$100-million Gallery. Construction was supposed to start soon after, but Ottawa's spending curbs stalled things and the project remains in limbo. This may cause some premature greying of hair among the Gallery's staff, but it hardly bothers us. The Emily Carrs are glorious, the impressionists, sensational, the European masterpieces by Bernini, Turner and Cézanne, breathtaking. Our picnic across the street in the park, where the Gallery has three abstract sculptures, is just fine, too.

Bob Bradford paints flying machines. Graceful, light beauties that cruise in soft colors of twilight. Last year, his airplane illustrations appeared on four Canadian stamps. Bradford is also curator of the National Aeronautical Collection, a branch of the National Museum of Science and Technology. The collection, which has 95 aircraft, sits in three Second World War hangars at Ottawa's Rockcliffe Airport.

Long fascinated by flying machines, Bradford—a former Second World War pilot—spins wonderful stories about their history. He motions towards a replica of the A.E.A. Silver Dart, made of bamboo and silver balloon cloth. J.A.D. McCurdy, its pilot, made the first powered flight in Canada in the original of that plane when he took off from Baddeck Bay in Nova Scotia back in 1909. Across the hangar, there's the Curtiss Seagull, one of the earliest flying boats used in Canada, made about 1919. That very plane, Bradford says, flew Dr. Alex-



One of National Gallery's Lismers



Curtiss Seagull was early "flying boat"

ander Hamilton Rice, an explorer, over 12,000 miles of jungle in the Upper Amazon. There's a Newport 17, the kind of plane that First World War flying ace Billy Bishop piloted. Another aircraft strongly influenced the design of the Fokker DR I, the plane the Red Baron flew. Seven planes are "one onlys"—the last of their kind.

The old wooden hangars, built in 1940, were meant to be temporary buildings and are fire prone. The flying machines would be destroyed within minutes if a fire broke out. "Yet here we are, housing these precious jewels in here," Bradford sighs. There's just no money for something safer.

The National Museum of Science and Technology is easy to spot. It's a brown warehouse (once a local bakery depot) in Ottawa's east end, and it boasts a 76-foot silver Atlas rocket—the same rocket that shot the American astronaut John Glenn into space—on the front lawn. The museum's director, David Baird, originally from Fredericton, was once Newfoundland's provincial geologist. He lovingly calls his museum "the old bun factory." Baird, a master of braggadocio, claims, "We pioneered the fun concept in Canada." Visitors do seem to have a good time. This day, as usual, the museum is jam-packed with boy scouts, young families and lovers, hand-in-hand. Of all the national museums, it's the most popular. Last year, 536,116 people visited it.

Outside, on the museum's 35 acres of parkland, sits a replica of a 1915 prairie train station, and nearby is a grand-looking 208-ton black steam locomotive. Twice a week in the summer

months a conductor calls "all aboard" and crowds of tourists pack the five passenger cars of No. 1201 for a day-long excursion in the Gatineau Hills. It includes a two-hour stopover in Wakefield, Que., where a sinfully delicious pastry shop is just a short walk away.

Inside the museum, a computer flashes instant answers about railroading. Kevin presses question 522—What is a hogger? "Slang for a railway engineer," the computer responds. He presses buttons 546—Where were electric cars first used in Canada? The computer screen flashes, "In Windsor, Ontario, in June, 1886." Sarah runs ahead to "The Crazy Kitchen." With its red and white gingham curtains, it's so cozy, so quaint...so *dizzying*. Grandma's kitchen never had a handrail to grip. My head swirls in circles. The farmhouse kitchen is an optical illusion that muddles the mind. I catch on after Sarah has dragged us through five times and think about the sign at the entry to the exhibits: "To understand what is around us we have to observe and measure things. They are not always what they seem to be."

After we've played tick-tack-toe at the computer terminals, strolled past the polished, old-fashioned cars and listened to a 1930s radio broadcast, we follow the sounds of the farm. In the middle of the agriculture exhibit there's a plastic-domed incubator with dozens of eggs, some hatching and one hatched already. Sarah tries to climb the base of the dome to see inside as a uniformed guard walks past. I brace myself for a lecture. But touching and feeling are part of the museum's philosophy and the guard only lifts her higher. She stares at the chick and smiles. From dinosaurs to baby chicks, the razzle-dazzle has worked its charms.

At night, when the stars come out in the warm summer sky, Mary Grey, "The Astro Dame," opens the large silver astrodome at the Science and Technology Museum. She trained as an engineer at the University of New Brunswick but got hooked on astronomy. When the 225-inch refracting telescope moved from the Dominion Observatory, where she worked, to the museum, she moved too. (She got her nickname years ago from a secretary's typing error.) Now, she takes her visitors on night tours through the astrodome and lets them peer through the telescope into the heavens. Mars and Venus are visible on a clear night, and sometimes meteors. We stare at faraway places and dream of galaxies beyond. Then, weary after days of walking, we go home.

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Small Towns



Georgetown, P.E.I.

Rival Montague may have the travel trailers, pleasure boats and Kentucky Fried Chicken outlets. But the people of Georgetown don't care. They know it's character that counts

By Marian Bruce

Three years ago, Prince Edward Island's Justice Department picked Georgetown, in the eastern end of the province, as the site for an experiment in prison-community co-operation. They decided to put inmates of the Kings County jail to work in the town—mowing lawns, cleaning parks. Then, the week before the project was to begin, an announcement appeared in eastern P.E.I.'s weekly newspaper: "The Kings County Prisoner-Community Work-Recreation Program has been postponed, due to lack of prisoners." That's the story of Georgetown's life. Nothing ever seems to happen the way it's supposed to.

There's a Gothic-novel atmosphere about Georgetown: Overgrown orchards, stands of craggy old chestnut and lime trees, rows of Colonial, Edwardian and Victorian houses and shops, some lovingly preserved, others sliding into decay. It's as though the clock stopped here in the brief, heady period—the late 1800s and early 1900s—in which Georgetown was the belle of Kings County. The town never did live up to its early promise. Its deep, shel-

tered harbor, on the south side of a peninsula jutting into Cardigan Bay, is reputed to be the best on the Island. Some pioneers believed Georgetown might become P.E.I.'s biggest town. And there was a time when the harbor was alive with schooners. Horse-drawn wagons lined up for half a mile, waiting to unload potatoes at the government warehouse on the wharf. In winter, all freight and passengers coming to or leaving the Island went through Georgetown.

Edward Easton, an irrepressible 74-year-old descendant of one of Georgetown's pioneer families, remembers the town's period of bloom. Like many other Georgetown citizens, Easton has a reverence for the past. In the hall of his 130-year-old home are enormous oil paintings of his great-grandparents; in his garden, he keeps a private museum. "What crowds used to come here to church every Sunday," he says. "People from Montague and Lower Montague would come across on the ferry. Then there was the exhibition, all the farmers would come over for that. Oh, all the travelling back and forth there was!"

Today, the town sits brooding at the end of a dead-end road, like a faded old beauty who's still waiting for her prince to show up. There are days when you could shoot a cannon down the main street at high noon without grazing one of Georgetown's 750 citizens.

Georgetown's decline set in around 1920. By the late Sixties, it looked as though two new industries—a shipyard and a seafood-processing plant—would revive some of the town's past glories. To accommodate the expected influx of new citizens, the community opened

Harbor was once alive with schooners

up a brand new subdivision and about 25 new homes were built with another 25 or so planned for the future. Today, administrators of the development say it's turning into a low-rental housing project for people with no jobs. Depending on the season, 75 to 350 people work at the fish plant and 40 to 125 at the shipyard. But after work every evening, a stream of cars heads out of Georgetown, dodging the potholes on the highway leading to Montague, 10 miles southwest, and Charlottetown, about 30 miles west. Mayor Harry MacConnell, who runs the local Clover Farm store, says about two-thirds of the people who work at the fish plant, shipyard and lumber mill live elsewhere. "I'm not sure if that's because they don't want to live in Georgetown," he says, "or if it's because they don't want to accept municipal responsibilities."

Georgetown's commercial heart consists of the mayor's supermarket, a hardware store, a gas station and a small grocery. There used to be a corner drugstore; it closed about 20 years ago when its aged proprietor died. In the window, a faded green shade still carries the sign: "DRUGS." The hardware store ("Hardware. Dry-goods. Shoes") was operated for 35 years by Ray Solomon, a slight, engaging man of 68 who also served, at various times, as mayor, town councillor, school board chairman, wharfinger. Solomon moved out of the house at the back of the 130-year-old store when he sold it last year. Now he lives in a new green bungalow outside the town limits, but he hung around the store long enough to teach his young successor how to keep the books, what to stock up on and how to spot a

bad credit risk. Solomon's father was a Lebanese immigrant who started a grocery business on Water Street. Now Ray's sister Genevieve, 70, carries on the family business on premises that look as though they haven't changed much in 50 years.

On a sparkling summer day, the action is around the waterfront. Lobster boats come chugging into the wharf. Women wearing white-peaked hairnets and rubber boots drift out of the fish plant and head home for dinner. Across a half-mile of deep blue water, you can see the red shores and white summer cottages of Lower Montague. To the east is Panmure Island, which helps shelter the harbor from the winds of the Gulf. In one fine afternoon, you can walk for miles along the sandy beaches that curve around the town, dig clams, pick blueberries or wild strawberries, sit on a rock and dream. If you could package and sell tran-



"A faded...beauty...waiting for her prince"

quillity, Georgetown would have it made.

Some of the finer things of life are missing, though. There are no shopping malls, no Kentucky Fried Chicken outlets, no used-car lots. For those, you have to drive to Montague, Georgetown's old rival. "Isn't it disgraceful?" Easton says. "Here's the capital of a county, and honest to god, we've got nothing. We haven't got a drugstore. There's only one store in town, you might say. No doctors. No banks. We've got to go to Montague for everything we want."

There are people in Montague, with its travel trailers and pleasure boats and Toronto-suburban-style subdivision, who sneer at poor old Georgetown. But Georgetown's citizens know that it's character that counts. "When you walk through the streets of Georgetown," says Brian Grogan, who moved here from Quebec about three years ago, "everybody says hello, whether



On a summer day, there's still action on the waterfront

they know you or not. The people are very different from Montague people. They're very class conscious in Montague. They like to think they're sophisticated."

Myrtle Jenkins, a 21-year-old kindergarten teacher who grew up in Georgetown, concedes that most people she knows find it necessary to leave Georgetown about once a day to shop, go to the movies, do business with the government. But Georgetown is not as dead as it looks, she says. There's bingo every Tuesday night to help pay off the \$65,000 debt remaining on the new rink. There's softball, ladies' broomball, hockey, soccer, a winter carnival,

sometimes even live theatre in the town hall. "People are really good to support the town," she says. "If there's a concert in the hall, you can count on its being packed."

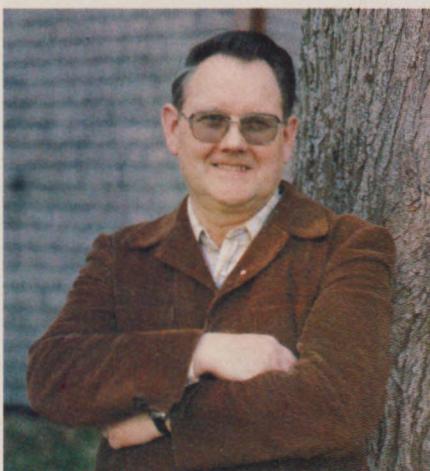
Lyman Nicholson, another relative newcomer, took over Solomon's hardware store last year. "I love it here," says Nicholson. "The people are down-to-earth, very straightforward. There isn't any arrogance about them."

The town's occasional inhabitants— inmates of the county jail—probably would vouch for that. "The inmates never were a problem to the community," says the mayor, "and the local community never snubbed them."



Easton at private museum: He remembers Georgetown in bloom

Small Towns



MacConnell: Mayor and store owner

We were always friendly to them." The jail is part of the most imposing-looking building in town, the century-old red stone courthouse designed by Island architect William Critchlow Harris. Its neighbor on main street is a pretty white Baptist church, which the prisoners once painted. That kind of happy coexistence is nothing new. Old-timers love to tell stories, some of them probably true, about the days when the jail was about as tight as a youth hostel. "Years ago, I used to go to the moving pictures in the town hall," Edward Easton says, "and they'd keep so many seats reserved. And the first thing you know, in comes all the prisoners from the jail. They'd hold all those seats for them. And it was nothing to run into one at 11 o'clock at night, out posting a letter. Oh, it was something cruel.

"The jailer was an old guy who'd go to bed early, and he'd never go to see if the prisoners were in or not. So one day, he let them go out picking blueberries. They took buckets, and they went way to hell out into the country, and they got lost. So here they were, holding up tourists on the road, asking them which way to the Georgetown jail. Anyway, they got home at 11 o'clock at night, and they got to knocking on the door, and the old jailer says, 'Who's there?' 'The prisoners.' 'Well,' he says to them, 'if you can't get home at a decent hour, you can stay to hell out.' "

These days, the jail is open only on weekends and court days. It was all but shut down a year and a half ago, when the provincial government centralized its prison services. In the process, Georgetown lost about a dozen jobs. There was some talk a few years ago about bringing in a penitentiary. Edward Easton, mindful that this would mean introducing a somewhat rougher breed of inmate than the blueberry

pickers of the county jail, started a petition against the proposal. "The mayor gave me old heck about that," Easton says. "He held me up on the street, asked me what business I had going around with a petition. I told him he was the first one that should be put in. Oh, he doesn't like me at all."

The 50-year-old mayor, whose father was mayor before him, is accustomed to controversy. Last winter, the radio hotlines crackled for weeks over MacConnell's suggestion that beer and wine be sold in Island grocery stores. Just before that, the town council self-destructed in a fit of internal bickering; half the councillors resigned. The publicity, MacConnell acknowledges, has set the town back. "The credibility of the town as a whole has suffered," he says. "When I go to the provincial government with some proposal, I go somewhat sheepishly. I know they're probably wondering whether I'm going to have a council to work with."

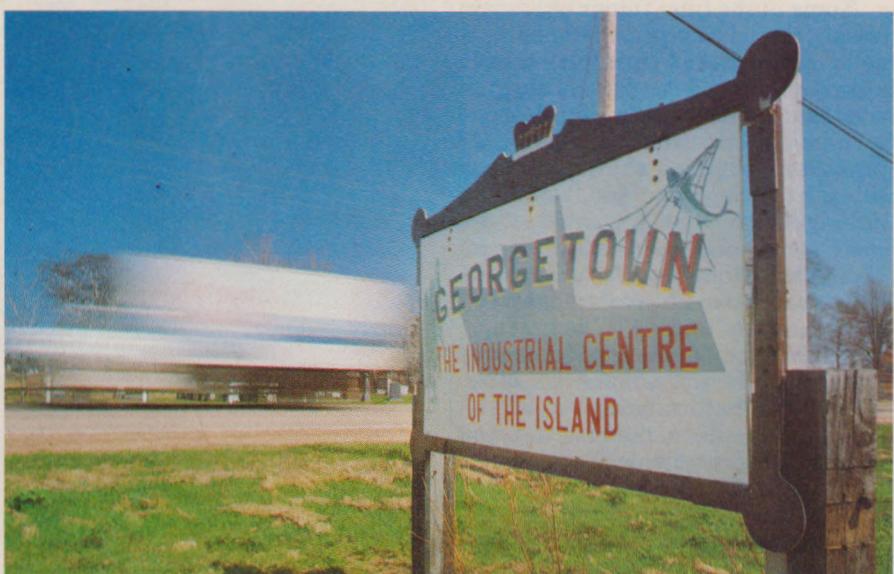
MacConnell figures Georgetown started its downward slide about 60 years ago. Samuel Holland, the English officer who surveyed the Island in 1764, had high hopes for Georgetown when he selected it as the county capital because of its fine harbor and proximity to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He laid out the streets in the same way as those of Halifax and Charlottetown. In the 1870s, the population reached an all-time high of 1,250.

When roads were poor or non-existent, Georgetown was the natural hub for travel. There were ferries to Lower Montague, Newport and the mainland at Pictou. Two trains left the town every day (the express took three and a half hours to reach Charlottetown). Georgetown was home to a prosperous

family of merchants, A.A. MacDonald and Bros., who contributed a Father of Confederation. There were a resident doctor, a weekly newspaper, several hotels, a sail loft, town police, a liquor store, a stove foundry and a thriving shipbuilding industry. The train station and the ferries are gone. The foundry is in ruins. The liquor store is in Cardigan, about six miles down the road. Even the police just drive in and drive out. The RCMP, from which Georgetown buys its police service, operate out of the Montague detachment—which means, the mayor maintains, that Georgetown pays \$18,000 a year for what amounts to highway patrol.

In a way, it was progress that turned Georgetown into a ghost town. "Everything happens to the detriment of Georgetown," Ray Solomon says. The shifting of the ferries to Borden. Paved highways. "If people couldn't drive to work, Georgetown would be a big town today," Solomon says. "But people are just using it to work in, driving in and out. All those people using our streetlights, streets and sidewalks, and we're not getting anything out of them." In spite of Georgetown's setbacks, optimism still lives among the town's officials. Recently, they erected a big welcome sign at the entrance to town. "Georgetown," it says, "the industrial centre of the Island." MacConnell hopes the provincial government will help set up a wood products industry. Maybe they could expand the shipyard to handle larger boats, or develop the harbor as an all-weather port.

Ray Solomon has heard that kind of talk too many times. "Nothing any more is ever going to happen in Georgetown," he says.



Georgetown thrived when roads were poor. Progress killed it

PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO



The Pool Opening-

Warming the house was one thing. But opening your first pool has to be something else. So you invite your friends around for a pool opening with a difference. Splashing in a half a foot of water complete with rubber ducks. It's a pool opening that only you could think of. And you share the laugh with an Ice Pick: the crystal clear taste of Smirnoff, the vodka that leaves you breathless, combined with ice tea. And you sip slowly, so you don't get in over your head.

Smirnoff Style



Prisons

Time bomb at Dorchester

What's it like to be "specially protected" in a federal pen? For some, it means threats, beatings, razor blades in food. These prisoners want change. Fast

By Sue Calhoun

Saturday, May 3, 7 p.m.: Inmates at Dorchester penitentiary are exercising in the main yard when an Ajax can flies out a fourth floor window of B-7 cell block, and strikes one of them on the back. He stoops, picks up a rock and soon all two dozen prisoners in the yard are heaving rocks at the cell windows of B-7, the unit restricted to protective custody inmates.

On F-3, one floor below, most inmates aren't in their cells. But Marvin Alexander is, and it takes him 15 minutes to get a guard to unlock his cell so he can escape the shattering, flying glass. In another cell, Larry Jones and George English are working on copper craft. A rock flies through an open window and strikes English in the forehead. The mêlée ends at 8:30 with 101 windows smashed.

Fifteen years ago, there were no protective custody units in Canadian penitentiaries. Today, 800 men across the country are locked away in special units designed to protect them from the main prison population. Typically, they're police informants, child molesters and sex offenders. At Dorchester, the number of protective custody inmates doubled in the past two years and now represents almost a quarter of the 370 inmates. But facilities are cramped, expansion halted by Ottawa's on-again off-again plan to scrap Dorchester, build a new security pen at Renous on New Brunswick's north shore, and ship all PCU inmates to Kingston. At Dorchester, the main population resents the few improvements that have been made because it sees the budget for its own activities going to the ever-expanding PC unit. There's only so much money to go around, and just nine acres of land behind Dorchester's 20-foot wall.

The rock-throwing incident is typical of the growing tension between the two populations. This time a PC inmate started the trouble. That's not always the case, and the main population still dominates the institution. PC inmates say their food is sabotaged with ground glass and razor blades, and security on their three ranges (each with 29 cells) is touch-and-go. Some say a blowup is

coming and predict PC inmates will be sitting ducks. "The regular population already knows how to get on our ranges through the heating ducts," PC inmate Larry Jones says.

Dorchester penitentiary sits on 1,400 acres of land, a forbidding 100-year-old institution on a hill overlooking the town of Dorchester, N.B. It's the only maximum security prison in Atlantic Canada.

We pull into the parking lot, cross its gravelled surface with the wind whipping at our heels and mount cement steps to the main entrance. Keeper's Hall. It's the first time I've been inside a prison, and as we wait for a guard to unlock the iron gate, I suppress a shiver. I've been warned that anyone appearing too nervous may be skin-searched for drugs.

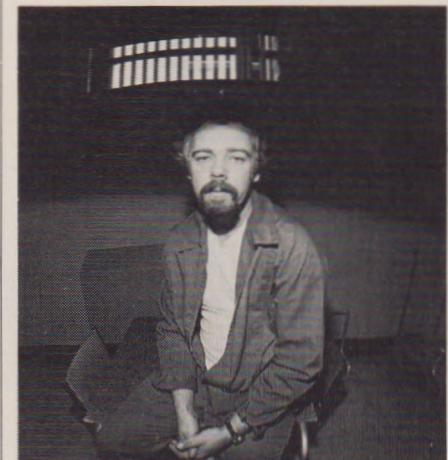
I'm here to see Larry Jones, chairman of the PCU Inmate Committee. I haven't asked for official permission to come as a journalist. I'm here instead as a "friend of the family." Once inside, we're forced to stash our purses in lockers, taking with us only enough change for the pop machine. We wait for a female attendant to run a metal detector over us, walk through a second metal detector and sign in.

I've been in touch with Jones but don't know him by sight. So after we pass through a second barrier, my companion points him out, a stocky curly-haired fellow at the back of a narrow, dark holding cell that everyone calls "the cage." Once we get through the third barrier and upstairs to the visiting and correspondence area, guards will be watching to see that when inmates are brought up, they recognize their visitors.

Larry Jones is 35, a father of nine. An ex-navy man, he's a radio and telecommunications expert, though in recent years he's worked at construction in Saudi Arabia, bartending and truck driving. Soft-spoken and articulate, Jones has been on the PCU Inmate Committee for 12 of the 14 months he's served at Dorchester. He's a first offender, doing two and a half years for gross indecency. If he had had any doubts about whether to go into the PC unit, they disappeared after his first

day. An inmate in the cell below said he had a "lead pipe waiting with Jones's name on it."

But many inmates try to avoid the PC unit. As one guard puts it, "Once they get on the rat tier—rat tier, that's what we call it, they'll never get off," even if they transfer to another prison. In the prison hierarchy, where cop-killers and murderers rank at the top, getting known as a "rat, a rapo, a diddler" means beatings, stabbings or worse. Even prison warden Gil Rhodes acknowledges it: "The gymnasium at night can be a pretty dangerous place." Known sex offenders or police informants who stay in the general population get by only with the help of friends. "If you've got muscle and money on your side, you've got it made," one guard says. "If you don't, it's not too good out there."



Jones: PCU inmates are sitting ducks

Jones doesn't defend the crimes of fellow PC inmates. Nor does he protest their innocence. He knows society doesn't understand why sexual offences occur, but he points out that many of the offenders don't either. At Dorchester, there's no opportunity to find out, since there's no treatment program. "I know we are looked upon not only by society but also by the main [prison] population as the lowest scum of the earth and are ultimately treated as such," Jones says. "But no matter how much we are hated, I think we still deserve to be treated humanely."

Claire Culhane, in her book *Barred from Prison*, calls protective custody "a prison within a prison." PC inmates have separate work and recreation facilities, and can't move around the prison without a guard escort. At Dorchester, there's been little duplication of facilities to handle the increase in numbers. Regular inmates use the carpentry, welding, auto-body and other trades shops. PC inmates sew mailbags for the

Post Office, do leather work or basket weaving, or clean on their ranges. In a system where rehabilitation is based on work, PC inmates complain they have few skills to take with them when they leave.

For the past year, PC inmates have squeezed into a tiny compound at the far end of the prison yard, with an eight-by-10-foot television room for 85 men. They've tried since last fall to have their cell windows replaced with plexiglass. Flying glass from rocks thrown by the main population injured several inmates. The administration replaces the windows with plexi-glass only as they're broken, a policy Jones says has encouraged the destruction.

Three of the eight ranges in the B-7 cell block house PC inmates. The rest are for the regular population. At meal-times, inmates come down to the B-7 dome, range by range, pick up a food tray and return to eat in their cells. PC inmates aren't allowed to work in the kitchen (regular inmates won't be fed

set up.

Saturday, April 26. Inmate John Laffin on E-4 (a PCU range) has a heart attack. The inmates have to carry him to the prison hospital because guards in B-7 dome refuse to carry the stretcher.

PC inmate Alfred Morash writes: "I had an appointment (with the psychiatrist) and the guard in the PCU compound told me there were no guards available to escort me across the yard to the hospital, and that if I wanted to see the psychiatrist, I would have to cross the yard on my own. I refused to cross the yard as the main population were still in that area. So I missed my appointment..."

The status of PC inmates within the prison population means they are totally dependent on guards—to see a doctor, a visitor, or make a phone call—and, if guards aren't around, extremely vulnerable. But PC inmates say many guards share the main population's hatred of them. One guard admits, "Some guards don't like them because they're rats."

Riots at Millhaven penitentiary in Kingston in 1976, and at the New Mexico state penitentiary last February (where most of the 33 of those beheaded, tortured and raped were PC inmates) prove that protective custody is no guarantee against murder. Yet the protective custody unit at Dorchester has only two guards

for 85 men. Warden Rhodes says the main population doesn't have a guard for every landing either. He calls the distribution of guards "risk management," balancing the risk of leaving prisoners unsupervised against the tax dollars needed for additional guards. "The public attitude is that inmates are already too well treated," he says.

In January 1979, prisoners at Dorchester called for the dismantling of the PCU. They claimed it was a drain on already scarce resources (the budget for the pen will be \$10 million this year), and said the administration was encouraging men to go into protective custody, even for minor problems.

Claire Culhane has a theory that inmates are drafted into protective custody, then transferred to medium and minimum security prisons to act as informers (on the threat of being returned to maximum security), because prison administrations need "rats" to let them know what's happening. Jones says many of the men in protective

custody at Dorchester don't belong there. Danny Morgan of Spryfield, N.S., paroled in February after serving one year for car theft, says he was in protective custody because an "ex-friend" was doing life in the main population, and "I didn't know when I'd be knifed." Morgan says many are unnecessarily stigmatized as PCU "rats" because the prison administration condones the violence.

Warden Rhodes says the protective custody unit has increased because the main prison population is less tolerant of sex offenders than it was five years ago, and because protective custody no longer means being locked up 23½ hours a day. He says the administration "bends over backward" to keep men out of PCU: "We've forced a few to stay out [in the main population]," he says, "but you can only let them get beaten so many times."

After riots broke out in 1976 at British Columbia, Laval and Millhaven maximum-security pens a Commons subcommittee looked into Canadian prison conditions. They found an urgent need for entirely separate institutions for sex offenders. Gerard McNeil, in *Cruel and Unusual*, says the same proposal has been made by every royal commission, committee or investigator since 1958. The long-range plan (in a 10-year plan, updated every year) is for three PCU-designated institutions—Kingston, Laval and Prince Albert, Sask.—and the phasing out of PC units at places such as Dorchester. But no one can say when this will happen.

The growth of Canadian prison populations levelled off in '78. This spring the B.C. pen closed and two changes of government in the past year and a half created an upheaval in prison planning. The pen planned for Renous, N.B., is on hold, and \$3 million is tabbed for renovation to Dorchester this year. Senior deputy commissioner William Westlake says he's "well aware of the shortcomings of the program" for PC inmates at Dorchester. But little money will go for things like separate eating facilities "because the long-range intention isn't to keep them there."

Warden Rhodes says things "slowed down for PC last fall when we thought they were leaving." Now, he says, until further word from Ottawa, "we've got to act like they're staying." Dorchester is enlarging the PCU compound and expanding work opportunities (PC inmates will make bandoliers for NATO). Rhodes would love to get rid of PC inmates, because "they're a pain in the ass...chronic complainers." He says there'll be problems as long as the two populations are housed side by side, but he doesn't think the situation is anything to worry about. Larry Jones, for one, hopes he's right. 



Main dormitory: Regular inmates resent money spent on PCU

by "rats"), but regular inmates are. PC inmates complain their food is doctored: Staples in the lemon pie, glass in chocolate cake, chopped-up rubber hose in fried rice, bits of razor blade in chowder. Warden Rhodes says such things don't happen because regular inmates have to eat the food, too. But inmate Alden Kelly worked in the kitchen for several months before he was transferred (after several beatings) to the PCU. Now on parole, he says he saw doctored meals "many times."

PC inmate John Megeney comes down at 7 a.m. to pick up his breakfast tray, and "has words" with two inmates working in the kitchen. (A guard says Megeney "mouthed off.") Later, Megeney is over in the PCU compound when a call comes that he has a visitor. Escorted by a guard, he's rounding a corner in the main dome when he's jumped by a handful of inmates wielding lead pipes. He discovers later that there never was a visitor. Megeney was

The gentle brilliance of Paul and Lutia Lauzon

Two mystical minstrels who sing for their supper

Seven years ago, when he first met and began to collaborate with his fellow-musician and future wife, Lutia, Paul Lauzon still wanted to be an international singing star. Today, he says, his ambition is to know everyone in New Brunswick. And he would be delighted to know a lot more people in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. It doesn't worry him if nobody in New York has heard of the composing and performing team of Paul and Lutia, as long as they can make a living and make a life by entertaining the people who live in places like Grand Harbour and Quispamsis. "We're trying to develop an audience in small communities," Lutia says. "To bring them live entertainment that relates to their own experiences. That's the way it used to be—and the community halls are still there."

They're prepared to go more than halfway to meet their audiences. "If we have to dress up in 19th-century costumes and do a little acting to get them to listen to an old Maritime ballad like 'The Lumberman's Alphabet,' then that's what we'll do," Paul says. They're both graduates of the Canadian Mime Theatre School—in fact, that's where their collaboration began—and they had two years of acting experience with Theatre New Brunswick's Young Company. During that time, they wrote and performed the music for five theatrical productions, all of which were later broadcast on CBC radio.

The first thing that strikes you about the Lauzons is that he's very handsome and she's very beautiful. The second thing is their gentleness. They're not only two of the finest

entertainers but two of the best listeners you're ever likely to meet. A pair of mystical minstrels who wander into the castle, sit on the floor, share in the bread and cheese, smile at everybody's jokes, sympathize with everybody's complaints, and then ask quietly if anybody would mind if they sang.



They're beautiful but, more than that, they can sing

Unfortunately, there aren't enough castles to keep a pair of mystical minstrels in business nowadays. "We've worked everywhere from churches to bars," Paul says. "We've built up a repertoire ranging from an original musical adaptation of the ancient Babylonian myth of Gilgamesh to a worksong revue and political satire. Now that we have two children we want to find some more dependable methods of marketing what we do."

They recorded their recent album, *The Prisoner*, on their own. "We got tired of sending away demo tapes and getting form letters in reply," Paul says, "and so we just got together with some of our friends and made a record ourselves." The friends not only played accompaniment, they all had a hand in arranging the music. The album is a labor of love.

Like country-western singers, the Lauzons sell their records themselves at their concerts. Or you could get a copy by writing to Paul and Lutia, 824 George Street, Fredericton, N.B. Any profits from the album, which sells for \$7.50, will go to Amnesty International, the organization devoted to aiding political prisoners all over the world.

The album is worth the price for one number alone, "The Undertaker's Ball," a song based on a party held in honor of the long-time undertaker on Grand Manan Island, where death is still a part of life. The Lauzons have become part-time residents of Grand Manan, a place where they feel "spiritually grounded." Lutia hopes that within five years, they'll be able to arrange their schedule so they can keep three or four months of each year free to write there.

"We weren't trying to please anybody," Lutia says of their first album, "just making something."

"It's good," Paul says. "About as good as we could do so far."

"The next one will be better," says Lutia firmly.

What is it like to be married to your collaborator and partner? "The problem is we can't get away from one another,"

Paul says. "And the great thing about it is that we can't get away from one another." Originally from Quebec, Paul began his musical career in 1969 while still a student at St. Thomas University in Fredericton. Lutia was born in the States, and worked in Europe before coming to Canada. Paul first sang professionally with a group that called itself "Three in a Hurry." Paul and Lutia could be described as "Two Taking Their Time." —Alden Nowlan

Atlantic Baptists get back to basics

Some have had enough of Sixties liberalism. Others simply miss the fire and brimstone

When Atlantic Canada's Baptists get together for their 75th annual convention at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., next month, the most popular delegate buzzwords will probably be "moderation" and "striking a balance." But behind those delicate phrases, the truth will be that Atlantic Baptists are beating a hasty retreat to their conservative past after two decades of trying out a modest version of Christian liberalism.

"We've been like a child with a new toy," explains the Reverend Kenneth Thompson of Charlottetown. He's president of the 60,000-odd member United Baptist Convention of the Atlantic Provinces. "We have tried a lot of new things that just didn't work out."

Like other Christian groups, the Baptists—one of Atlantic Canada's oldest and largest Protestant denominations—are now grappling with such complex, "churchy" issues as the ordination of women, the authority of scriptural teaching, and the place of Baptists in the ecumenical movement, as well as trying to come to terms with the larger problems caused by the fallout from social upheavals of the Sixties and Seventies.

What worries Baptist thinkers most these days is what they see as the steady erosion of conventional family life, brought on by the excesses of "do-your-own-thing" liberalism. "In the Sixties," Thompson complains, "it was the children running away. Now it's the parents who are the runaways." Thompson blames such problems on what he calls the "almost demonic" influence of pop culture. Modern advertising, movies, theatre and television, he says, hold up a distorted mirror to contemporary life, call the reflection reality and make those who can't identify with it feel jaded. Although Thompson says he hasn't had time to consider exactly where the Baptists should be heading in the Eighties—"I'm still caught up in the Sixties and Seventies, and seeing a lot of broken marriages"—this year's convention (August 27-31) will likely begin defining the church's future in reaction to its recent past.

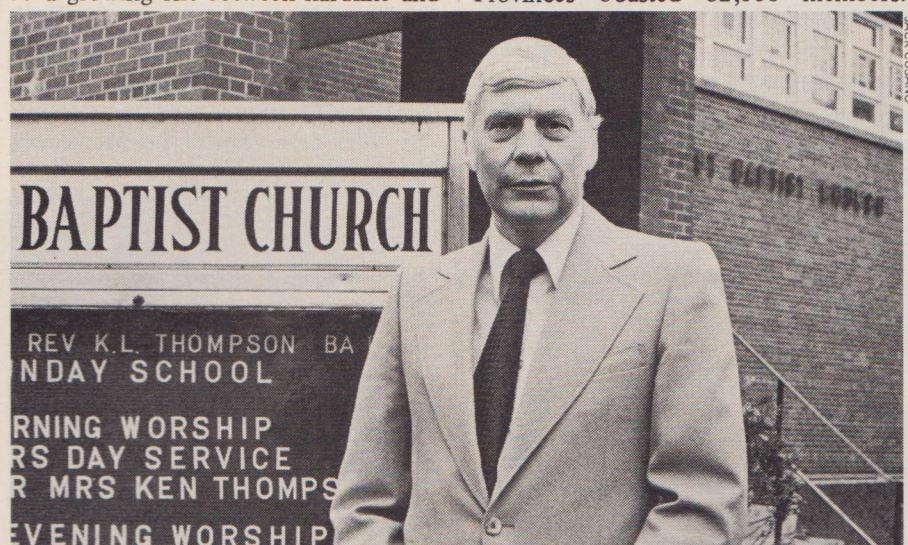
That conservative trend started three years ago when the Atlantic Bap-

tist Convention pulled out of the Canadian Council of Churches because Baptists here believed the Council was getting too caught up in socio-political questions, and because some factions within the Council were manoeuvring to bring Roman Catholics into its fold. One casualty of back-to-the-basics orthodoxy could be the ordination of women as Baptist ministers. The church's powerful local congregations rejected the few women candidates for the ministry in the late Seventies and shunted them off into shadowy roles as chaplains, or into other specialized areas of Baptist ministry. Thompson says he expects to see even fewer women trying to become pastors in the Eighties.

But that won't heal what appears to be a growing rift between hardline and

Baptist beginnings in Atlantic Canada go back more than 200 years to Henry Alline, a young Falmouth, N.S., Congregationalist with a Grade 2 education, who sparked a religious revival in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick that became known as the Great Awakening. Originally called New Lights, Alline's followers grew so numerous that the Anglican Bishop of Nova Scotia complained to his superiors of Alline's "pious frenzy" and the "rage for dipping" that was sweeping through the colony.

After Alline's death, his converts formed the Nova Scotia Baptist Association in 1800. More than a century later, the organization, now called the United Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces boasted 62,000 members.



Thompson: New things "just didn't work out"

moderate conservatives within the Atlantic Baptist family. The Baptist Convention still hasn't fully recovered from the shock of the 1979 defection of the congregation of Main Street Baptist Church, Sackville, N.B., one of the oldest Baptist churches in Canada, to the rival and more fundamentalist Fellowship of Evangelical Baptist Churches. So far, a dozen other Atlantic metropolitan congregations have opted to join the Fellowship, which began actively preaching its gospel of absolute biblical authority here fewer than 10 years ago.

Despite everything, the delegates to this year's assembly should be in a cheerful mood as they celebrate the Atlantic Baptist Convention's 75th anniversary on the treed campus of Canada's oldest Baptist university, Acadia.

When Newfoundland joined, the organization became Atlantic in title and membership. Baptists had been almost unknown in that province until the 1950s, but today, St. John's West End Baptist Church claims to be the fastest-growing congregation in the whole Atlantic Convention, which boasts 571 churches, including 20 black congregations.

But growth has its price. The one-time fire-and-brimstone church today seems more mainstream and respectable. And that's a trend some Baptists see as dangerous for the faith. "We have majored in evangelism," explains Dr. Jarold Zeman, a church history professor at Acadia, "and without that call to personal commitment, Baptist churches would die out."

The promised land

Thousands of Atlantic Canadians are chasing big bucks in Alberta. A few are already rich. A few are in jail. A whole lot yearn for home, and the sea

By Jennifer Henderson

A Newfoundland in yellow shorts and red socks is carrying a mop and pail up and down Calgary's 8th Avenue SW, the heart of western Canada's financial empire, and he's wearing a sandwich board that declares, "Ise the bye to do the job." But Calgary, with its vulgar billions and 526 oil companies, is too busy to appreciate his down-east humor. Nobody looks. Still, he'll probably have his job in a day or two, and that simple fact is one reason why Atlantic Canadians are moving west in droves.

Despite Premier Peter Lougheed's warning that Alberta is not a land of milk and honey, the exodus from the Maritimes and Newfoundland that began around 1974 shows no sign of stopping. The cowtown that had 400,000 people 10 years ago is busting at its traffic and housing seams while it tries to cope with a population of more than half a million. City planners expect it to hit 900,000 by the turn of the century.

Easterner after easterner—to distinguish Maritimers and Newfoundlanders from the central Canadian hordes, Albertans call them all "Maritimers"—marvels at the ease of finding jobs. A boomtown that's also a clearing house for those who head north or to the seismic camps outside town, Calgary needs lawyers and accountants to look after its money, and skilled tradesmen for a building boom that, this year alone, will see the construction of a billion dollars' worth of office towers and houses. And even though Alberta has its own surplus of unskilled labor, a Calgary Manpower official says it's easier for an unskilled worker to get work in Calgary than in Halifax.

Mechanics, plumbers, clerical workers and cooks can choose their own employers. Construction workers start at \$12 an hour. A receptionist (no typing required) for a downtown oil company may earn \$1,000 a month. "I could quit today and have a job tomorrow," Peter MacDonald, 21, says. "Sure is a different feeling from home." Home was Oxford, N.S. MacDonald, a land surveyor, went west last summer

when his job with the N.S. Highways Department ran out. "I wouldn't go home now," he says. "Not to stay. The money's too good here. I can make more than \$25,000 a year, and I'm thinking of buying a car."

Unemployment elsewhere inspires roughly 2,500 young people a month to head for Calgary alone. Just how many of them come from Atlantic Canada is uncertain, but the Alberta Bureau of Statistics says a net total of 12,000 Atlantic Canadians have come to the province in three years. Moreover, that figure is low. It's derived from family-allowance and transfer-of-account statistics, and doesn't include most single workers.

"I came out here because I was unemployed in Moncton," says Serge



Just arrived, with high hopes, good boots



Calgary has "vulgar billions"

Veilleux, a draftsman with a Calgary engineering outfit, "and things seemed to be getting worse." For many easterners, the raw cash at the end of the oily rainbow is as attractive as the job security. Professionals and businessmen who left home back in the Fifties have been particularly successful. Some are millionaires, and many Dalhousie law graduates of only half a dozen years ago are earning up to \$100,000 a year. They're just waiting to storm the five-year waiting list at the exclusive Glencoe Club.

A chance to practise big-time corporate law drew Jim Coleman from Halifax to Calgary six years ago. He planned to settle there for only a few years, but now he's a partner in Calgary's second-biggest law firm. He's staying. A flock of St. Francis Xavier alumni teach in Calgary's Catholic school system.

For some, however, Alberta can be a disillusioning experience. Just as unskilled Maritimers and Newfoundlanders once discovered to their sorrow that the streets of Toronto were not paved with gold, many now find that the cost of food and rent in Calgary is a shocker. The vacancy rate among Calgary apartments stands at just 1%, and an unfurnished one-bedroom apartment can cost \$300 a month. Two-bedroom apartments go for \$400 or more. Calgary has no rent controls, and the real estate scene is surreal. The Calgary Real Estate Board says the average single-family home now costs \$88,500, and that figure may even be low.

Clannish communes of Islanders, Cape Bretoners and "Little Oromoctos" are one way to try to beat the landlord, but saving money is hard. The city sprawls over 181 square miles and, though a new transit system is under construction, you need a car to get to work. The nearness of Banff, Vegas and California encourages free spending, not to mention the kitchen parties for visiting Maritimers and Newfoundlanders on their way through whoop-up country.

Speaking of whooping it up, Calgary won't soon forget the week that

Matt Minglewood and his boys played their "ass-kicking music" at a place called The Refinery. That was last October, and since then, the lounge has repaired its corduroy benches. "It was the craziest crowd we've ever had," said a spokesman for The Refinery. "It was nuts. When Minglewood came, it was like every Maritimer within 400 miles came to see them. And the funny thing was, they all knew each other. They were all Maritimers."

It was the stories of "catskimmers" (heavy machinery operators), "jughounds" on seismic crews, and "tool pushes and drillers" on the oil rigs that first inspired Atlantic Canadians to regard Alberta as a land of hope and glory. There are, indeed, jobs paying \$12 and \$15 an hour but, often, they mean 12- and 15-hour days, isolation for two and three weeks at a time, and enough danger on drilling rigs to cause 989 accidents and two deaths in the first three months of 1980.

Don "Duck" MacEachern, who left P.E.I. last fall, doesn't enjoy being reminded his job is dangerous. He's a motor man on a drilling rig. He makes sure the motors stay running and the power stays on. He must also "make connections," a tricky task in which you manually insert one pipe into another while a whirling chain screws the pipes in place. "At times," he says, "it's the dirtiest job in the world." A moment's carelessness can cost you fingers and, to realize this, you have only to look at the hands of many men in Calgary bars.

"There's three main reasons why there are accidents," Duck says. "A lot of guys get drunk and stoned and go to work anyway. Most of the camps are supposed to be dry, but everybody takes stuff in. The drilling companies aren't supposed to let you work if you've been drinking. Ours won't. But a lot of them just don't care. They can't afford to shut down the rig and lose money." Others agree that "Texas mickeys"—those Alberta heirlooms holding 133 1/3 ounces of booze—are as much a part of rig life as the derrick.

"The second thing that causes accidents," Duck says, "is just the tiredness. When you're working 12-hour shifts for two weeks straight, you're not always as sharp as you should be. And finally, there's just so many rigs, and the turnover is so high, that men move into jobs before they know what they're really doing. Six months' experience and you get on anywhere. Ten years ago I'd have had to work five years before I could have been a motor man."

Money, safety and status are all incentives to move up the rig hierarchy from jobs as "lease-hand" and "roughneck" at \$8.25 an hour all the way to "driller and tool push." A tool push

earns \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year, and Duck believes that, if he works hard, he'll be one in a couple of years. Knowledge of this corner of the oil industry—from the first readings of the seismic crews, through the drilling and capping of the hole, and then the extraction of the oil and gas—is highly specialized. It fascinates many Maritimers.

"But the mistake is in thinking everyone who comes out here is going to drive home in a Trans-Am with a stereo in the front seat and a color TV in the back," Scott Stoyles, 31, says. He's a geologist from Gander. "The money's here to be made all right. But you'll work darned hard for it." Some won't wait for the prosperity they dreamed would be instant. One way to grab fast bucks is to hold up a grocery store with a knife, and it alarms Calgary police that 85% of the people they arrest are "new arrivals," and mostly unskilled. Atlantic Canadians apparently commit about 10% of these crimes, mostly thefts, assaults, illegal entries. Supt. Phil Crosby-Jones, commander of Calgary's headquarters division, believes the robberies are "crimes of desperation" by disappointed people who've learned the hard way that "Calgary is not the El Dorado."

Ken Brown, 26, a bricklayer from Fredericton, knows what Crosby-Jones means. Brown biked out a year ago, hoping to save \$3,000 or \$4,000 and then return east to build a log cabin. So far, he's saved a few hundred dollars, suffered two layoffs and, for a while, washed dishes. At \$3.50 to \$4.00 an hour, he says, that's a job no Albertan would want. Despite 18 months' training, he can't get a job as a bricklayer. Alberta's standards are too high. Moreover, the high interest rates that wrecked both his father's surveying business and his brother-in-law's stereo shop back in Fredericton, also cost Brown his job with a Calgary construction company that built subdivisions. Even in Alberta.

No, the prairie grass is not always greener. John Butterworth, a Newfoundland welder who's been west four times, says recruiting drives by private companies "don't always deliver the moon they promise." Of eight Newfoundland welders who signed on with ATCO in April, Butterworth says, only two stayed more than a fortnight. The trouble was, their accommodation "turned out to be a dive."

The Newfoundlanders seem to have the strongest homing instincts. Close to 100 Newfoundland bricklayers went home last Christmas and stayed home. A Calgary cab driver who spent four years in Corner Brook thinks he understands: "Newfoundlanders haven't really got the money instinct yet. Their lifestyle is still important

to them."

For many dyed-in-the-tide easterners, the west just doesn't take. Homesick Cape Bretoners, too broke to call home, have been known to console themselves by chatting with Halifax telephone operators. More than half the recorded number (2,500) of Newfoundlanders and Islanders who arrived in Alberta last year have gone back home. There's a pattern here: Periodic employment in the west, unemployed pleasure in the east. Back and forth.

Newfoundlander Dave Hawkins, a



Mary Ryan, a long way from home



Flo McCarey: P.E.I.'s still God's country

petroleum geologist with Esso, was glad to have a ticket home "after three years in this God-forsaken place." His ticket back was oil, this time Hibernia oil, and now he's in St. John's, at the Petroleum Directorate of Newfoundland. But Adele Poynter, 24, another Newfoundland geologist, refuses to make Calgary a scapegoat for her discontent: "It's certainly no hell on earth, that's for sure, even if it doesn't

hold a candle to St. John's. A lot of people owe Calgary a lot. I couldn't have a challenging job at home like the one I've got right now. Maybe in time, but not now. And I couldn't be making the money."

Maritimers who "crap on Calgary" for having no beauty, ocean, nor heritage annoy Donald Dickey. A Nova Scotian who moved west four years ago, she says, "There's nothing magic about Calgary. People come for the jobs and the money, but some parts of the

city are really quite beautiful. Maybe its history isn't as long as Halifax's, but it's certainly as illustrious. And why don't people look on a map *before* they come out here and complain about no ocean?"

Ann and Liz Henley are from St. John's and, when they crap on Calgary—and explain why they won't stay forever—they talk about something old-fashioned: Values. Some women from the far east apparently still have them and, not surprisingly, they tend to

marry men from down home. They worry about the high divorce rate in Calgary, suicides, traffic deaths, and well-heeled teen-agers in a place that oil money has greased. Liz calls Calgary "a city of few friends and many acquaintances," and Ann says, "It's not unlike a jungle—the survival of the fittest on commission." The Henley sisters can't find roots in Calgary.

Not only Atlantic Canadians but those from Ontario and Quebec sometimes worry about such things in Calgary. But it's the Maritimers and Newfoundlanders, far more than the others, who dream of going home when "things are better" or "I get some money together," who fantasize that "Calgary would be great about where Moncton is." Leaving family and an east-coast lifestyle for work in the west, Allan MacLeod says, amounts to "a conscious decision when you can't have both."

Still, you can try. MacLeod, an expatriate lawyer from Amherst, N.S., expects to be home with his family at Tidnish Cove this month; and David Ward, 47, a cleaning subcontractor in Calgary, will be home on the Miramichi to fish salmon. Florence McCarey, 21, a dental assistant in Calgary, will be back on the sumptuous sand beaches of P.E.I. during a month's holiday in God's country. She'll have lots of company—Island boys who work September to May on the rigs out west and blow their summers on lobster, beer and life on the pogy.

Out in Calgary, too, Atlantic breezes will blow all summer. A year-old Newfoundland club serves fish 'n' brewis and capelin, organizes "stomps." Lobster suppers at an Islanders' club are so popular it's hard to get tickets, and even 25-year residents of Calgary show up wearing tags saying, "Hi. I'm Joe from Murray River."

Calgary, as a whole, does not resent Maritimers and, indeed, stores there sell T-shirt transfers that declare "I'm proud to be a Maritimer." The acceptance of Maritimers and Newfoundlanders may have something to do with the fact that there really aren't all that many native Calgarians anyway. (There are so few they have their own club.) Or perhaps it's just that a faceless city envies the Atlantic kinship without being able to share or understand it. So save the joke about the two Cape Bretoners who went skiing at Calgary's Paskapoo with their ski pants on backward. Save it to tell at home. Established folks and adventuring folks will be back sooner or later to hear it. And laugh.

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"Little Newfoundland" is in northern Alberta

At Fort McMurray, there's a future for fish 'n' brewis, and the Newfoundland Club is rolling on down to its first birthday

Bev Martin, 32, manager of three McMartin's food stores in Fort McMurray, Alta. (population: 28,500), says it was embarrassing when journalists pestered her about the "tons" of Newfoundland food the stores were peddling. The rumors just weren't true. But they sounded like a good story. Imagine: 7,000 Newfoundlanders, all stuck in the bush 440 km north of

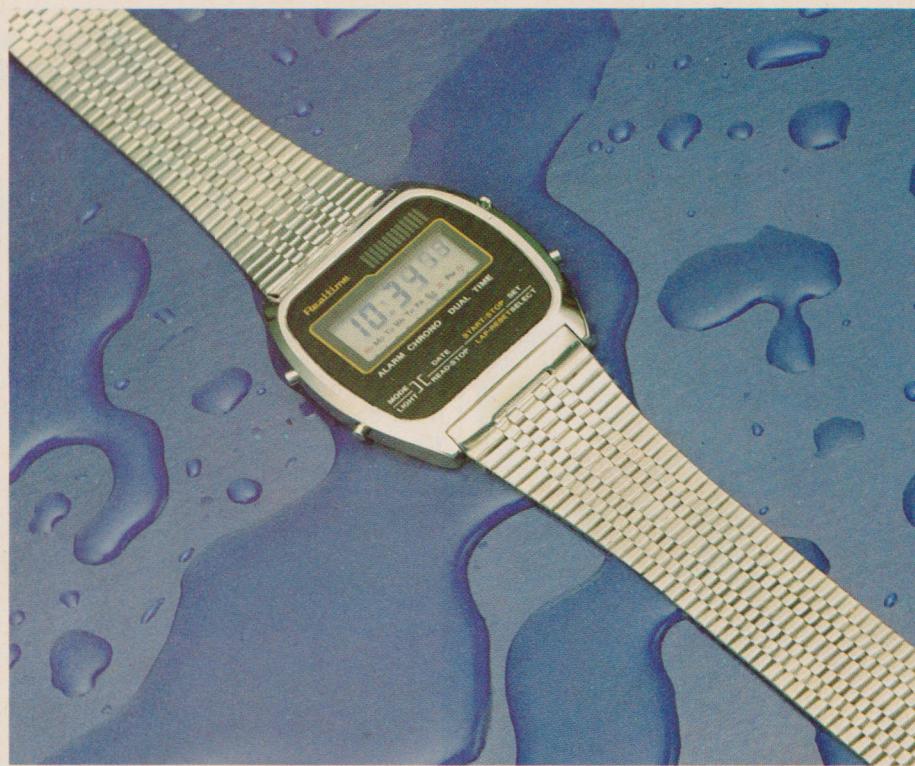
Edmonton, and all coming home after a day's work at Syncrude for a feed of fish 'n' brewis.

Fort McMurray, which is about to become a city, is a company town at the confluence of the Athabasca and Clearwater rivers. Tar sands development has spurred its growth, and the major employer is Syncrude. That's why so many Newfoundlanders went there. When the Come By Chance refinery closed down, Syncrude moved to Alberta, and the employees followed. In time, so did their families, and a lot of friends. Fort McMurray became a land of dreams, dreams of moving in, making a fast buck, taking the money home to start a business.

Bev Martin, grocer

Judy Dicks, 42, president of the Chamber of Commerce and a columnist with Fort McMurray's *Today* newspaper, says those are bad motives for going anywhere: "It's better to go for the experience you can gain and what you can give to a new place, not for what you can take away from it." She should know. A sometime wandering Australian, she married a Cape Bretoner who first came to Fort McMurray eight years ago.

Judy Dicks used to be general manager for radio station CJOK and she says that, in 1972-73, the station had a one-hour weekly show of down-east



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Special Report

music. Interest died for a while, but now it's revving up again. "There are more older people now. There's the Newfy Club, too. Perhaps the cultural impact [of Maritimers and Newfoundlanders] will start to show." Her newspaper carries a daily column of east-coast news.

Despite Bev Martin's denial that her stores sell tons of Newfoundland food, down-east preferences are apparent in the food stores. Safeways, a chain, carries more frozen fish, salt pork and bologna in Fort McMurray than you

normally see in Alberta supermarkets. And McMartin's did order sweet biscuits,hardtack, molasses kisses, savory, cordial and peppermint nobs, a two-ton order from St. John's. They placed a second order but, thanks to freight rates, high prices killed demand. Sweet Bread hit \$2.09 a package.

The idea for the order came from one of the seven Newfoundlanders on staff. He brought in a Purity Food label from back home and said, "Why don't we sell this here?" So Bev and Pat Martin gave it a try. They now think

that, aside from freight rates, one reason why the idea didn't work for long was their own failure to do market research. Now they hope to survey members of the Newfoundland Club to discover what Fort McMurray's biggest social group wants from east-coast suppliers.

Club president Bill Bennett, 27, club public relations officer Jerome Quinlan, 27, and club secretary Mary Ryan, 31, all seem to think Newfoundland food will sell well in Fort McMurray once the store owners "know what we want." Bennett's from St. John's, Ryan's from the Codroy Valley. She says that "with 250 family memberships representing 1,000 members, and the 50 single memberships, the club could certainly improve the odds for the Martins' success."

Getting fish was no problem for the Martins. Suppliers phoned from Newfoundland with offers to ship out fresh fish. The trouble is, the Martins have no cold-storage facilities even though, as Bev Martin says, "this fish would help sell our hardtack."

But not far from the Martin stores (named McMartin because they're in McMurray) there's a possible answer: Hartley Bushell, 27, of Halifax. Covered in dust, wearing a nail apron, he's working on a store he plans to open this summer. He'll call it the Lobster Hutch. Bushell completed a year in commerce at Dalhousie University, came to Fort McMurray to visit a friend, decided "there are 10,000 Maritimers and Newfoundlanders here, and not one decent fish store in town."

Clearwater Lobsters, just north of Halifax, will be one of his suppliers. "But it'll be only one of many," Bushell says, with all the confidence of youth in a burgeoning town. He offered to show off a 25-pound stuffed lobster. Where did it come from? "New Brunswick," he said. "But you name the place and I'll make sure it comes from there." If the Lobster Hutch goes well, the McMartin stores should benefit. They'll supply the dry foods that go with the fish. But the Martins had better keep an eye on young Bushell. He plans to bring in dry food, too. To go with the cod tongues, cod cheeks, salt herring and squid.

The question is: How many Newfoundlanders does it take to guarantee a steady flow of fresh fish and tuck to Fort McMurray? With all the publicity, the formation of the Newfoundland Club, the hustle of the Martins and Bushell, the answer may come next October. That'll be the first birthday of the Newfoundland Club. It should be a good, fishy party.

—Guy Simser



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Wind power on P.E.I. The jury's still out

But not for Gordon and Leslie MacQueen. They've got a 60-foot windmill, and no electricity bills

They were typical energy junkies. He was hooked on the electric toothbrush. She couldn't get through the day without the dishwasher and the self-cleaning oven. Then, when Gordon and Leslie MacQueen decided to move from their Cape Cod, Mass., home four years ago, they took the pledge. They'd settle in Prince Edward Island, live off the land, harness the wind. Sell the trash compactor, the meat slicer, the boats, the cars, the whole works.

Well, maybe not *quite* the whole works. A person has to watch a little television. But the MacQueens did install a 60-foot-high windmill next to their new home in Wood Islands. It produces all the electricity they need for lights, two television sets, a stereo, a sewing machine, a blender, an electric typewriter and a 4.5-cubic-foot solid-state refrigerator. That means that, while their neighbors pay the highest power bills in Canada, the MacQueens can ignore the power company.

Windmills aren't exactly sprouting like July dandelions, but about a dozen Island homes are relying on wind power (an idea that's about 4,000 years old) for at least part of their electricity. The MacQueens are sold on wind power. The Island's energy think-tank, the Institute of Man and Resources, is not. This summer, Institute researchers are starting a big windmill-testing project to find out, once and for all, how good (or how bad) wind turbines really are. The new research station, set up with about \$500,000 of federal and provincial grants, is located at North Cape, on the northwestern tip of the Island, where average wind speed is 14 m.p.h.

The station is a sort of Consumers' Union of wind machines. First, researchers will monitor windmills in general to find out how efficient they are at producing heat or electricity, how well they stand up to sea gales and salt spray, how well they perform at various speeds. Next, there'll be comparative testing of various designs and brands. People at the Institute say tests at the 185-acre Atlantic Wind Test Site should be useful to governments, windmill manufacturers, backyard inventors, anybody considering putting the wind to

work. The Institute already has tried to operate two wind turbines at its Spry Point research lab, the Ark. One was to produce heat, the other electricity. Neither was very successful. "Wind equipment is damned expensive," says public relations officer Martha Musgrove. "The doubt is how reliable wind turbines are in certain kinds of environments, how reliable the new designs are. Before people are encouraged to invest in them, we need fairly good consumer information."

The MacQueens say the secret of success with wind is simple: Think small. Their wind system, similar to ones used to produce power in the west before rural electrification, consists of a 12-volt, 200-watt, wind-driven battery charger; four lead-acid batteries to store power and a device to convert the power for appliances with 110-volt motors. The MacQueens say the whole thing cost about \$1,000, not much more than what they would have paid to plug into the Maritime Electric Co. Ltd. power grid. The windmill starts generating electricity at wind speeds of about seven miles an hour and supplies most of the power they use—which, Leslie says, is about 98% less than their consumption in the bad old days.

Gordon, 41, who worked in the States as a program evaluation consultant for Westinghouse's learning division, now sells wood stoves, windmills and solar panels in Charlottetown. Leslie, 33, designed their new, one-and-a-half-storey house overlooking Northumberland Strait. They burn wood, trap heat from the sun with windows facing south, store perishables most of the year in a pantry insulated to keep heat out. They cheat a little. With four young children (Kristen, 8, Daniel, 9, Kelley, 3, Darryl, 1), Leslie feels she needs a washing machine. It's run by a gas-powered generator. "We're kicking the habit," says Gordon. "We've lessened our dependency on energy." He contends that the Man and Resources people should be helping other families do the same thing. Instead, the organization is fiddling around with technology. "At the experiments at the Ark and North Cape, the focus is on the



MacQueens: Happy without power bills

instrument and how well it will perform. We feel the focus in energy research should be on people, teaching them how to live with less."

Researchers at North Cape were to start the project this summer with two second-hand windmills. One is an electricity-producing turbine that was installed three years ago on the roof of the elementary school in St. Eleanors. The other was supposed to produce heat at the Ark. Even though that system didn't work well, the future looks promising for heat-producing turbines, Musgrove says. When the tests start in earnest this fall, the staff of five will be trying out everything from backyard windmills to models that might produce enough power to interest a utility company.

In general, Musgrove says, there are two instances in which wind power makes sense. "One is when you're totally dependent on oil for the generation of electricity. The other is in an isolated community where you're too far away from the electricity grid." At the moment, though, she doesn't think wind power is for you and me.

To heat a home and run the usual appliances with wind-generated electricity, she says, you'd be looking at an investment of \$20,000 to \$30,000. Parts can be expensive, and you can forget about finding a repairman in the Yellow Pages when your three-speed, hand-held, Style 'N' Curl hairdryer runs out of juice. "For the average consumer, given the kind of lifestyle people have chosen to lead, wind energy is simply too expensive," Musgrove says.

That's the whole point, the MacQueens say. People have to change. "The energy crisis is everybody's responsibility," says Gordon. "People are going to have to work out a solution for themselves. There's no energy doctor that's going to do it for them."

—Marian Bruce

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Vikings slept here

This month, the UN will declare L'Anse-aux-Meadows, Nfld., a World Heritage Site

In L'Anse-aux-Meadows, Nfld., there's a fishing store with a door that swings, without hinges, by a wooden post cut to dowels at either end—a design inspired by Vikings who settled this tip of the Great Northern Peninsula nearly 1,000 years ago. The man who built the shed learned about the Norse way of hanging doors when he helped Parks Canada reconstruct three of the sod dwellings Vikings built at L'Anse-aux-Meadows. Although the Norse travellers apparently stayed there for only about 25 years and left little behind them, something of the way they lived has come alive again in the door of a fishing store.

The ruins at L'Anse-aux-Meadows are proof that Vikings came to the New World five centuries before Christopher Columbus, John Cabot and Jacques Cartier. This month, the site of the Norse settlement—the earliest known presence of Europeans in North America—will ceremoniously be proclaimed a World Heritage Site by officials of the United Nations.

When Norwegian archeologists Helge and Anne-Stine Ingstad began digging and sifting the bog and grassland around L'Anse-aux-Meadows in 1961, they had more than a few skeptics looking over their shoulders. The Ingstads were searching for "Vinland," the bountiful new world discovered by the legendary Leif Ericsson who, according to Icelandic sagas written down several centuries later, led a Viking band across the sea west of Greenland. Unlike other interpreters of the sagas, who believed "Vinland" meant "land of grapes" and looked further south along the New England coast, the Ingstads followed the detailed nautical descriptions in the sagas. This led them to northern Newfoundland and the east coast of Labrador and, finally, to the grown-over remains of a Norse community at L'Anse-aux-Meadows. (The Ingstads weren't the first to locate Vinland in northern Newfoundland. In 1914, St. John's businessman W.A. Munn searched around nearby Pistolet Bay. He never found anything, but he was only a few miles off.)

Working for eight summers, the Ingstads found evidence of eight sod and timber buildings, including a sauna and a smithy in which the Vikings forged bog iron. They also found a distinctly Norse spindle whorl (a soapstone doughnut used to spin wool into yarn) and other domestic artifacts which mesh with discoveries in Greenland, Iceland and Scandinavia. No one can yet say for certain that L'Anse-aux-Meadows was Leif Ericsson's Vinland, but it's no longer disputed that Vikings lived on the spot around 1000 AD.

Compared to, say, the grandeur of Fortress Louisbourg in Cape Breton, the Viking site is unimpressive at first glance. The excitement of the place is more subtle: Thanks to the shallowness of the Vikings' cove, suited to their shallow-draft boats but not to later

fishing vessels, the site remains largely undisturbed. Strange mounds—what's left of the original buildings—still dot a natural terrace that rings a small bog. Black Duck Brook still snakes quietly through the homestead and jumps with salmon in the spring. The scrubland stretching back from the coast still yields gallons of partridge berries and bakeapples every year. The point of land that anchors today's settlement of L'Anse-aux-Meadows reaches out towards the Labrador coast, 30 miles across.

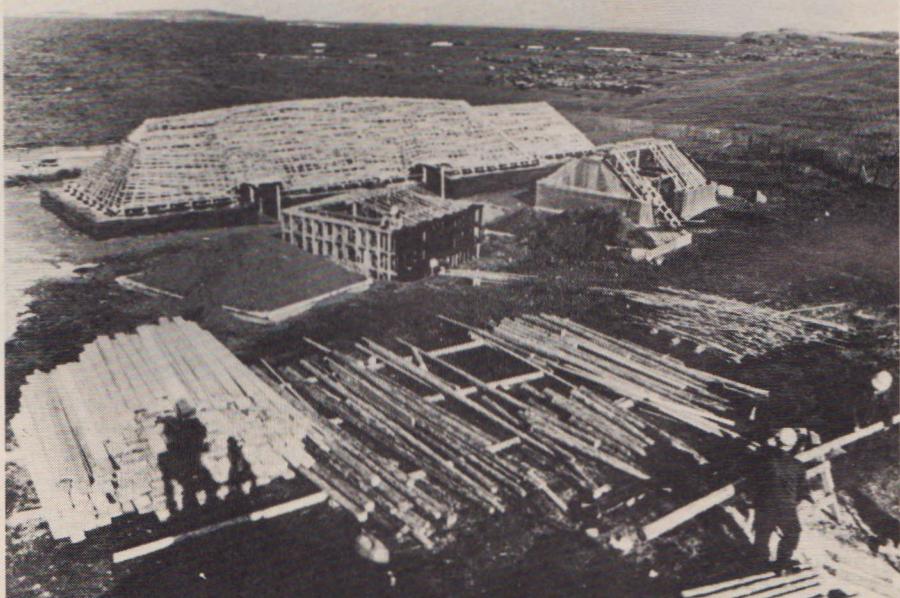
"The discovery is still better known outside of Canada than at home," says park superintendent Bob McNeil. Still, McNeil's publicity efforts and highway improvements brought 7,500 people to the site last year, nearly double the figure for the year before.

Parks Canada has returned the grassy mounds to the way they looked when George Decker of L'Anse-aux-Meadows pointed them out to the Ingstads. A dozen local fishermen spent the last few summers reconstructing three of the buildings just the way the Vikings would have built them. (The structures are placed away from the original site to protect the 1,000-year-old ruins.) They cut sods from a nearby bog, stacked them six metres thick, pegged them with wooden pegs, raised hand-hewn roof timbers, lashed roof sods to cross-sticks with strips of green willow and sealskin.

Inside, the shelters smell richly of peat and smoke. The men who built them made their tea over an open fire and imagined how the Vikings lived on the same land that their own families came to centuries later.

"I never had a more interesting job," says site laborer Clayton Colbourne of L'Anse-aux-Meadows. He'll be one of the park guides this summer. There's been more than a little talk around the settlement lately of using warm, free, no-maintenance peat to build a modern home. Despite the improved road and thousands of visitors, the park hasn't bothered L'Anse-aux-Meadows much. "Nothing's changed really," Colbourne says, "and that's good." As long as the more recent occupants of the land can continue to fish and hunt and pick berries unrestricted, they don't at all mind having Viking ghosts as neighbors.

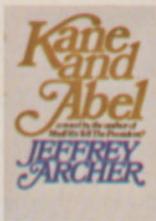
—Amy Zierler



Vikings stayed about 25 years, left little behind them

PARKS CANADA

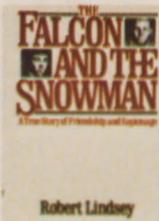
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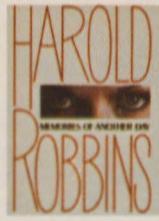
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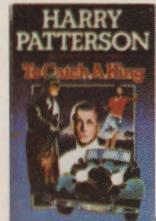
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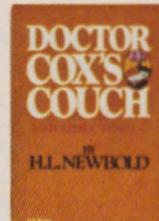
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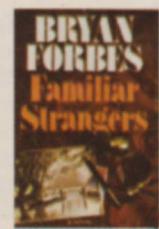
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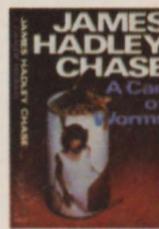
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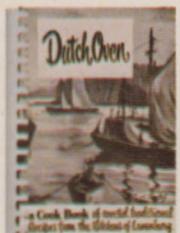
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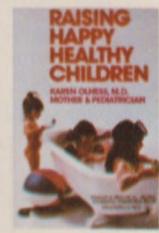
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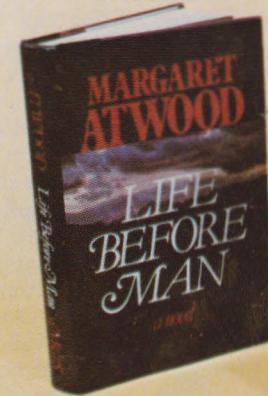
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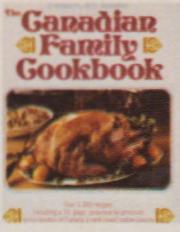
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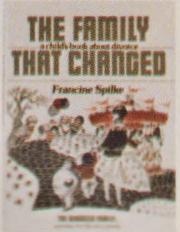
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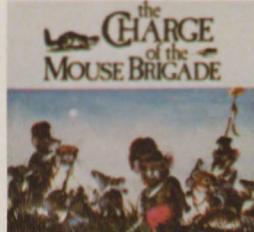
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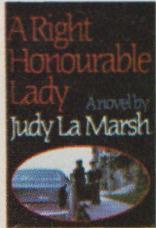
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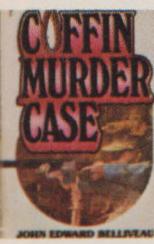
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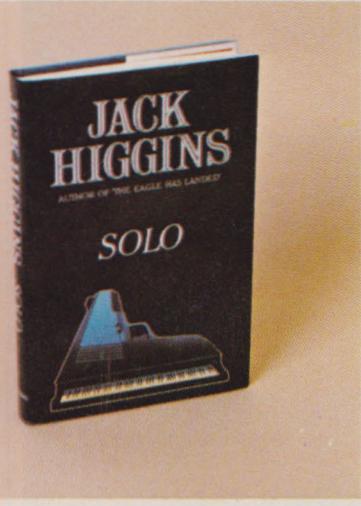
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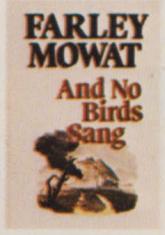
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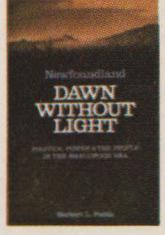
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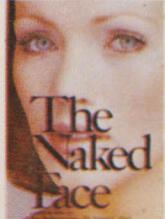
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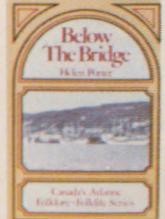
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Show Business

She's spent most of her young life on her toes. But her legs won't last forever, and even younger dancers wait impatiently. Can she make the leap from chorus line to starring actress? That's the crucial question for

Amanda Hancox, dancer

By Stephen Kimber

Back in her British boarding school days, when her idea of a perfectly fine time was a full day spent on her toes, Amanda Hancox believed dancing was forever. Today, she's pushing 26 and she knows better. She's been dancing professionally since she was 17. She's toured Canada and Europe with *Les Feux Follets*, worked in summer musicals at the Charlottetown Festival, and appeared in television variety shows ranging from the CBC's 20th Anniversary Special to CTV's *Circus*. In Toronto, where she lives with her actor-husband, Scot Denton, she's part of a select circle of dancers that producers and choreographers automatically think of when they need pretty, talented legs for a chorus line.

But Amanda Hancox knows just how short the professional life of a dancer really is, and she knows that if the legs don't get you and the producers don't forget you, there is still the awful truth that you will probably never escape the chorus line. "Besides," she adds, without the slightest hint of bitterness, "there's always some new wonderful young thing just waiting to take your place. I know some dancers—friends of mine—who are in their 30s and still working regularly but, you know..."

We are sitting in a small restaurant near the waterfront just a couple of blocks from Halifax's Neptune Theatre. In a matter of hours, Amanda will be strutting across its stage, demonstrating to a theatre full of people that she can make the difficult leap from the chorus line to centre stage, and do it gracefully. She's playing Jill Tanner, the female lead in *Butterflies Are Free*, the Leonard Gershe play which is rounding out Neptune's 1979-80 season. Because the critics have been kind and the audiences appreciative, she'd like to believe that this is the break she has been waiting for, that in true Hollywood fashion the calls will start coming in from all the hotshot producers and directors wanting to cast her in their latest epics.

She would like to believe it. But she has been down this road before. Though *Butterflies* is her first leading



JACK CISANO

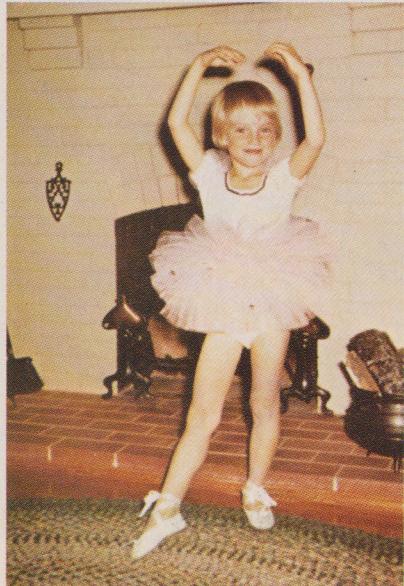
She's proved she can act. Will the hotshot producers call?

straight dramatic role, it isn't her first time out of the chorus line. In 1974, she was one of the dancers in the musical, *Johnny Belinda*, when the producer got word that the show's intended star couldn't make it. In what her father, Bill Hancox, the former publisher of the Charlottetown *Guardian-Patriot* and now executive director of Con-

federation Centre, calls "one of those real Broadway-style stories," Amanda was plucked from the chorus and became the show's last-minute star. "After the show opened and the reviews were so good, and then we did it again for TV, I guess I kind of expected that everything would open up for me," Amanda says. "It didn't. Because I

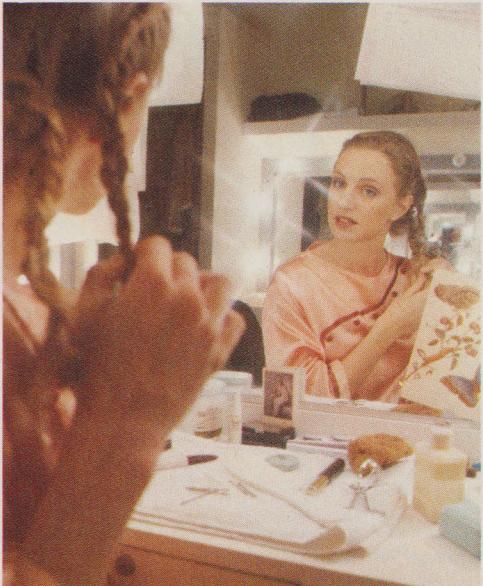
didn't speak in the show, people still thought of me as just a dancer. They kind of write you off. There are so many people looking for work that they don't have to take chances."

John Neville, Neptune's artistic director, prides himself on taking just such chances. "I first met Amanda eight or nine years ago," Neville explains, "and I saw her over several years at Charlottetown. I just had the feeling that she had great promise."



It all began in Moose Jaw

television show in Toronto—the producer told her that the Neptune job would be "a great opportunity" and wished her well—and flew to Halifax. "God, yes, I was really scared," she says now. "It was my first straight acting role. If it had been a musical, at least I would probably have known half the cast but I didn't know a soul at the Neptune and I didn't know anyone in Halifax. When the time came to leave Toronto, I thought, 'What am I



In a few moments, her first lead role

about that. She was absolutely dead right."

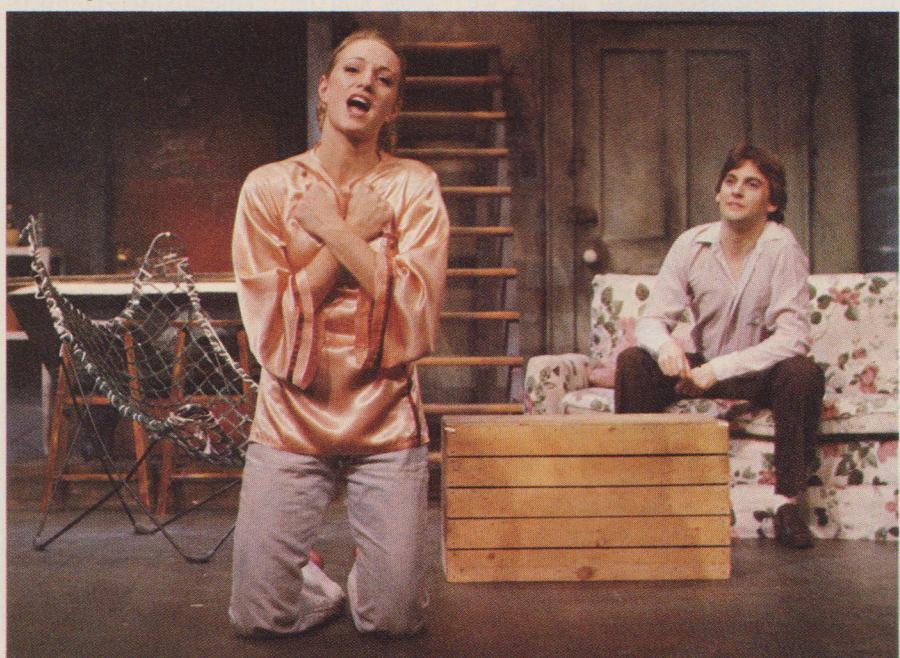
Amanda can't remember the exact moment when she realized that she "loved to perform," that she wanted to spend her life on the stage. But, it didn't happen in Moose Jaw, Sask., where she was born in 1954, the third child and only daughter of a newspaper publisher and his English war-bride wife, and where she lived for the first five years of her life. She began taking ballet lessons there when she was three but, she remembers now, "I loathed it. We did this one performance when I was five and they kept us all strapped in high chairs until it was our turn to go on. It was awful."

In 1959, her father transferred from the Thomson chain's Moose Jaw daily to its outlet in Charlottetown because, as he explains it now, "we were spending our vacations on the coast of Maine every summer anyway. We loved the New England architecture and the sea and, although we'd never really spent any time in Charlottetown, we figured it must be similar."

Though Charlottetown, like Moose Jaw, might not appear to be the ideal starting point for a stage career, it worked just fine, thank you, for Amanda. She was nine when she first appeared in the Dominion Drama Festival presentation of *I Remember Mama* which opened the city's Confederation Centre, and then spent the next two summers as one of the young girls in the cast of the Charlottetown Festival's forever-running musical, *Anne of Green Gables*. Along the way, she and a friend, Martha Nicholson (now a teacher at the Royal Winnipeg Ballet school), signed up for dancing classes being taught by Jean Nuckey, a British-trained, Fredericton-based dance teacher who then travelled the Maritimes giving classes for young, would-be dancers. "She was just a wonderful teacher," Amanda says.

By the time she hit the ripe old age of 11, she knew she was going to be a dancer. She also knew she had to go to live in England. Partly, she explains, that was because Jean Nuckey had stopped giving classes and she knew that if she was to become a dancer she would have to go away to school. Mostly, however, she admits it was because she was hopelessly, blissfully obsessed with the notion of being a student at an English girls' boarding school. "I was reading all those wonderful English children's novels like *The Girls of Mallory Towers*. They seemed to have so much fun, all those midnight picnics and all sorts of exciting things."

During a family trip to England, she even bought a school uniform



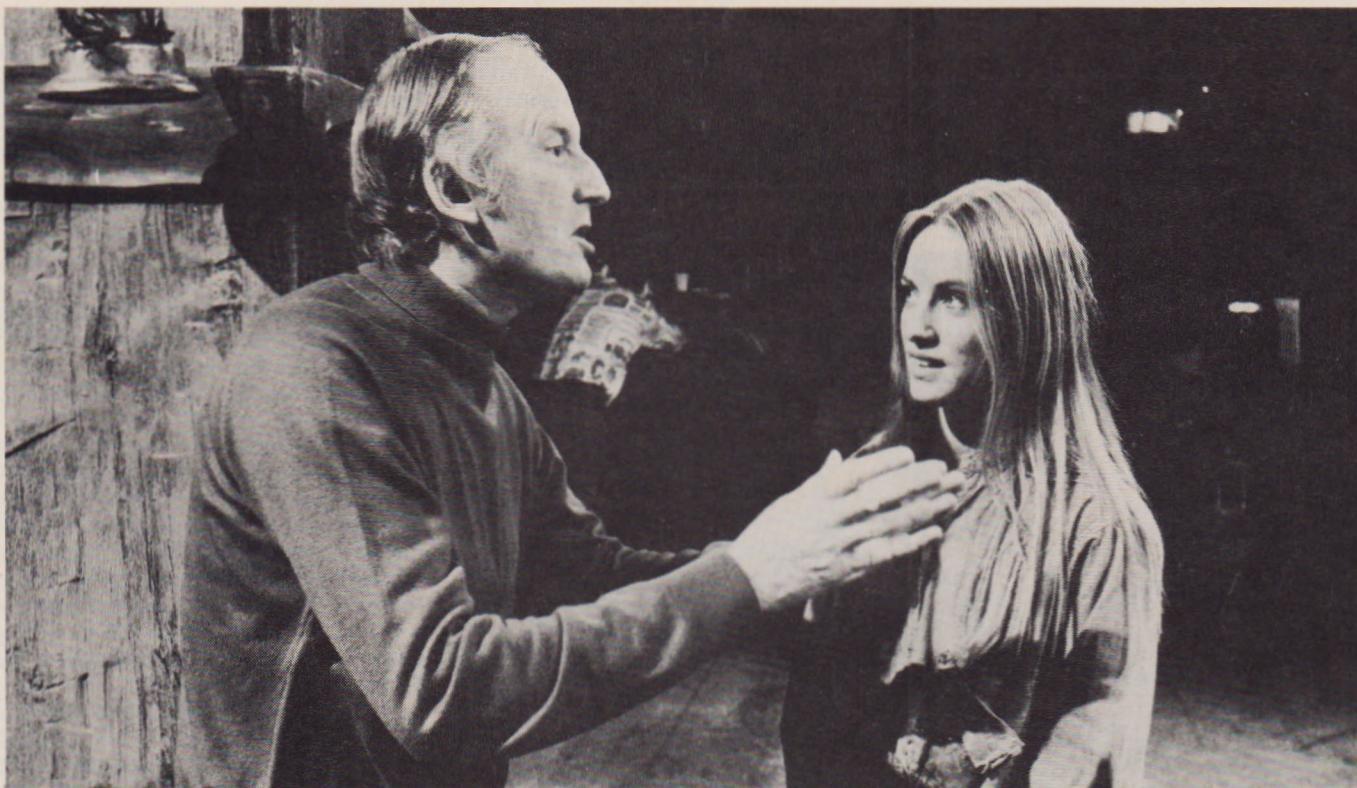
In *Butterflies Are Free* (with Ian Deakin). A "fantastic" experience

Neville, in fact, had hoped to cast her last fall in Neptune's season-opening musical, *18 Wheels*, but there'd been some missed connections and Amanda ended up working on CTV's *Circus*. Then, just three weeks before *Butterflies* went into rehearsal, Neville called again. This time, Amanda managed to get out of a verbal agreement to do a

doing? Am I crazy?"

John Neville hired her for the part without even the formality of an audition. "It's one of the gambles you take in this business," Neville says simply. "You have to trust your judgment and my instinct was that she would be perfect for the part." He pauses. "And I've been proved right

Show Business



A last-minute start in *Johnny Belinda* (with producer Norman Campbell)

which she wore every day to classes back in Charlottetown: "I'm sure the other kids thought I was crazy but I didn't care. I wanted so desperately to believe I really was in one of those boarding schools." She began applying to all the English boarding schools she could find which combined the standard academic programs with special programs in the performing arts. "I don't think my parents took the idea all that seriously at first," she says. "They thought that it was probably a good idea but they didn't think anything would come of it, at least not for a few years."

Then, in the fall of 1966 when she was 12, the Arts and Educational Trust, a girls' boarding school at Tring outside London, wrote to say there was a place for her at the school if she would come right away. "The weekend that we had to make the decision was just terrible," her father admits. "At one point, we'd pretty well decided that we just couldn't afford it but, when we told her that, she became so upset. She went in her room and cried for a whole day. After that, her mother and I talked about it and finally we said, 'What the hell? We'll get a bank loan.' The whole thing was so important to her that we knew she'd do well at it." A week later, just after she'd settled in at the school, he and his wife called to see how she was getting along. "She'd already picked up an

English accent," Hancox says, laughing, "and she seemed so happy we knew we'd done the right thing."

The five years at Tring (four in the boarding school and one in a specialized dance college) were "fantastic," she says now. "I learned an incredible amount because I was with 350 other girls who were interested in the same thing as I was. I think that if I'd stayed in Charlottetown, the whole thing would have fizzled out. I needed the kind of discipline and determination that only that kind of environment could provide."

Tring was, without question, demanding. After a morning of regular academic work, the girls spent three hours in concentrated study in drama, dance, mime, and character. Then, after tea, there were two more hours of school lessons, a quick break for supper, and another hour of dancing instruction. She admits there weren't too many midnight picnics. "When I was 16, I was still going to bed at 8:30 at night! The day was too full to do anything else."

Back in Canada, director Alan Lund—who had first cast the 11-year-old Amanda in the *Anne of Green Gables* chorus—had kept a watchful eye on her progress. When she came home, he signed her as a dancer for a *Les Feux Follets* Canadian tour. At 17, she was a professional dancer. In the nearly nine years since, she has

worked far more than she's waited for work and that, in the intensely competitive world of Canadian professional dance, is no mean accomplishment. And yet...

"I sat down last year and looked at myself when I was doing *Circus*," she says. "There was no question I was a better dancer than when I'd started. I'd learned a lot and I'd gotten a lot of great experience. Sometimes, I'd even get a solo spot here or there where there'd just be one or two of us dancing for half a song. But—except for *Johnny Belinda*—I was still in the chorus, still



Off to England, age 11

doing basically the same things I'd been doing since I was 17. If I stayed at it, I'd probably still be doing the same things in the future. I knew that if that happened, I might end up hating it."

She'd already begun auditioning for television and film parts. But, though she'd just missed being cast in the Canadian film, *I Love You, Hugs and Kisses*, and though a screen test she did for another movie had been sent down to Paramount Pictures in Hollywood, she still had to walk into directors' offices without a big dramatic credit to her name. "People would look at your résumé and they'd see dance, dance, dance. They couldn't see beyond that."

She kept dancing, picked up commercial work when she could find it, auditioned for every part her manager sent her to, and hoped. Then, one day, out of the blue, John Neville phoned. She says she still isn't sure why: "I was really nervous about it after he called and then my husband said, 'Look at it this way. John Neville's a very intelligent man. He wouldn't have cast you if he didn't believe you could do it.' That helped but it was still hard to believe that somebody would really take the chance on you like that. It's really great. Really."

She has to get back now. There's a wardrobe fitting at 2:30 and then another show to do. *Butterflies*, she says, has been everything she'd hoped it would be. "It's been a fantastic experience. It's helped to give me the opportunity to find out what I can do as an actress and given me confidence too. If you're going to succeed in this business, you have to have confidence in yourself. Besides," she says, giggling, "it looks really good on your résumé."

But there's nothing in the works for the future. No producers have called her yet. This summer, she'll be back in Charlottetown dancing again in three of the Festival's summer productions. "The contract says 'dancer—as cast,' so that means I may get a few speaking lines but that's all." After that? "After that, I'm not sure. The fall is open."

Not for long. The next morning John Neville is explaining over the phone just what it was he saw in Amanda Hancox that convinced him to cast her in *Butterflies Are Free*. "She has a tremendous future ahead of her," he concludes. Will she be back at Neptune next season? "Oh, of course. Definitely. I've been meaning to talk to her about that but it's been a bit hectic around here. In fact, I'll be talking to her for sure in the next day or two. I want her back next season. No question." Amanda Hancox has left the chorus line behind her. Perhaps, this time, for good.

Marilyn MacDonald's column

Bring back junk TV

It was better than the insipid gruel the networks dish up now

We were talking about the disappearance of good junk from television. The night before, on the seven channels available in the Halifax area, the choice had gone something like this: An abominable detective spoof; a nondescript made-for-TV movie; the umpteenth rehash of the Quebec referendum aftermath; a special, starring video's latest test-tube blonde; a baseball game (in French); an earnest documentary on dance; and videotaped coverage of the deliberations of city council.

You could be bored or educated to death. My friend watched the baseball game in French. He doesn't speak French. I didn't watch anything. Numerically, you could choose from several sources, but you couldn't choose good junk which is what led us all to choose television in the first place.

I don't remember when good junk started disappearing, but it seems to me it was around the same time that people began to talk a lot about the new electronic marvels and how they'd increase the number of choices available to us viewers. Choice was a big buzzword in the early Seventies, which was when our part of the country finally got cabled. It happened late because of the Canadian Radio, Television and Telecommunications Commission's respect for our virginity. Having seen the incursions of cable into central and western Canada, where choice was rampant and creeping Americanism had speeded up to a gallop, the CRTC was hell-bent on saving somebody and, looking eastward, discovered us, still comparatively pristine. (We were also among the noble savages that well-intentioned Canadian missionaries tried to save from the evils of foreign investment.) But the commission got no thanks for its pains and we got as cabled and corrupt as everybody else.

So now we had these extra choices. Before I got hooked up to cable, I heard that one of the American channels that was coming in specialized in lots of movies. Hot dog, I thought, believing they meant old classics. The choice turned out to be between tepid TV feature films and a Clint Eastwood opus that had played at your local

theatre for nine weeks last year.

Soon cable was almost *passé*. It became fashionable to talk about satellite transmissions and the revolution they would bring.

By 1974 Dick Cavett, a sometime darling of those who used phrases like "electronic wasteland," saw the future as "75 channels of television, where you could watch, among other things, lessons in any language, a man doing card manipulations, a ballet rehearsing, pornographic films...surgery in progress...a chess game, how to tie knots...yoga, lessons in juggling...a Yo-Yo champion, World War II newsreels, eggs hatching, nutrition instruction, horses breeding and, of course, *Lucy*, *Hawaii Five-O* and so on."

But satellites didn't bring the revolution. The Yo-Yo champion and Second World War newsreels failed to show and, what's more, *Lucy* and *Hawaii Five-O* disappeared, to be replaced by *Laverne and Shirley*. Now the talk is about home video—recorders, cassettes, pay-TV—and the revolution of choice.

Uh huh.

David Harkness is a marketing manager for the A.C. Nielsen Company, the firm which keeps tabs on who and how many are watching what on TV. Recently, he told an American magazine writer some interesting things about the progress of the TV revolution. One of them was that the growth in viewing choices had had "a negligible impact" on the big TV networks' control of the market. (In case you don't remember, the revolution was going to abolish forever the stranglehold of those giants by increasing the number of options.) But people aren't turning away from TV to pay television or home cassettes. They're using them in addition to regular TV. They're choosing more of the same because more of the same is all there is. Or else they're not watching anything at all.

Okay, David Harkness. You don't surprise me. It's what I suspected all along. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have this kitchen chair that needs sanding. And my friend has to get back to his *circuit de champs*.



Food and good fun, Danish style

In New Denmark, N.B., the tradition began in 1872. It still goes on

By Colleen Thompson

The drive into New Denmark, away from the Trans-Canada Highway and toward the heart of New Brunswick's highlands, has a touch of magic. Country roads curl and climb around newly plowed hillsides, sparkling in the morning sun. Mailboxes carry names like Hansen, Larsen, Johansen, Pedersen. Down King Kristian Road, you come to a crossroads and the home of the Schmidts. Here Emmy Bertelsen Schmidt, in Danish housewife's costume, welcomes you with an English greeting that, in spite of her 53 years in Canada, still carries the lilt of a Danish accent.

Fredericton writer David Folster calls New Denmark "Brigadoon-like." Author H. Gordon Green describes it as "a storybook place...as improbably perfect as a painting of fairyland." "We're the oldest Danish community in North America," Emmy says, carefully turning golden brown potato balls she calls *brunede kartofler*. "The first six families came here in 1872." She admits the community is changing, "but there was a time when the schoolteacher spoke only French and the children Danish. We had to learn English together." (The French of the Upper Saint John River have always been New Denmark's closest neighbors.)

Today, few of the community's younger people speak Danish. Well-educated sons and daughters look for careers more profitable than potato farming. But Emmy sees a bright spot: Some, like her own son who lived in Toronto for many years, have come back, bringing skills they've learned.

While she talks, Emmy, with her sister Ingrid, puts dishes on the table: Savory *frikadeller* (a meatball dish which is the staple of New Denmark's farm kitchens); *röd kaal* (red cabbage, cooked with brown sugar, vinegar, currant jelly and red wine), a dish of snowy potatoes and the *brunede kartofler*. "Last year was not a good year for wine," says Emmy as she pours. "The choke cherries were better the year before." If this vintage isn't her best, you'd never know it. It complements the food perfectly.

When the main course and the wine are finished, Emmy brings out



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

Schmidt with kartofler: A Danish delight

century-old silver and a splendid-looking creation of breadcrumbs, apple sauce and whipped cream she calls *aeblekage*. The rich color of her homemade apricot brandy matches the drops of apple jelly that garnish the whipped cream. We finish the last of it and the Danish meal is complete. Humor, friendliness and hospitality are as memorable as the food and that's what good dining is all about. *Skål!*

Röd Kaal (Red Cabbage)

1 cabbage, finely shredded
1/4 cup butter
4-6 tbsp. brown sugar
1/3 cup vinegar
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup water or red wine
1/4 cup currant jelly

Melt butter in a large kettle, add cabbage and rest of ingredients. Cook gently until tender. Serves 6.

Frikadeller (Danish meatballs)

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
1/2 lb. ground pork
1 grated onion
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
2 tbsp. flour
2 tbsp. dried breadcrumbs
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
1/4 cup butter or margarine

Combine meat, breadcrumbs. Add eggs, onions, pepper and flour, salt, then milk, a little at a time. Mix

thoroughly. (It improves the flavor if it stands 2-3 hours.) Fry the meatballs in a hot pan using butter or margarine. Place the meatballs in the pan with a spoon, which should be dipped in the hot fat each time. Fry until nice and brown. Keep meatballs hot while making gravy. Make gravy in the same pan by adding flour to the fat. Cook up a little, then add vegetable or potato water. A little cream makes it very good. Serves 6.

Brunede Kartofler (Glazed brown potatoes)

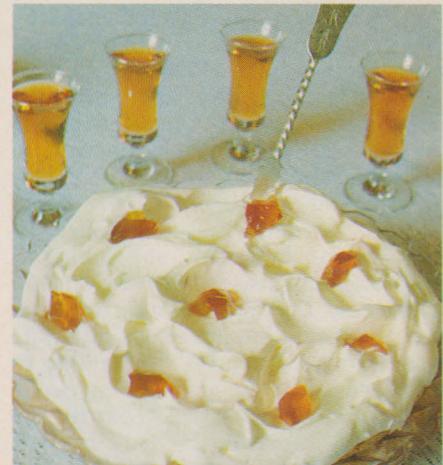
1 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
8-10 small round potatoes, boiled

Melt butter in a heavy frying pan. When hot, add sugar. Brown the sugar but watch that it doesn't get too dark. Add the boiled potatoes and stir gently constantly. When brown, sprinkle a little salt over them and serve. Canned potatoes work just as well. Serves 6.

Aeblekage (Apple Cake)

2 cups of crumbs
2 tbsp. sugar
1/2 cup butter
2 1/2 cups apple sauce
whipped cream or substitute

Brown the crumbs well in a skillet with the butter and sugar. Place the prepared crumbs in a serving dish in layers alternately with the cooled apple sauce making as many layers as you wish. Allow to set in the refrigerator for a few hours or overnight. Add whipped cream before serving and decorate with dabs of red tart jelly. Be generous with the cream. Serves 6. ☐



Dessert: Aeblekage and apricot brandy



Velkommen

Joe Norris: "The Matisse of folk art"

At Lower Prospect, N.S., he paints to take the pain out of life

By Marcia Ross

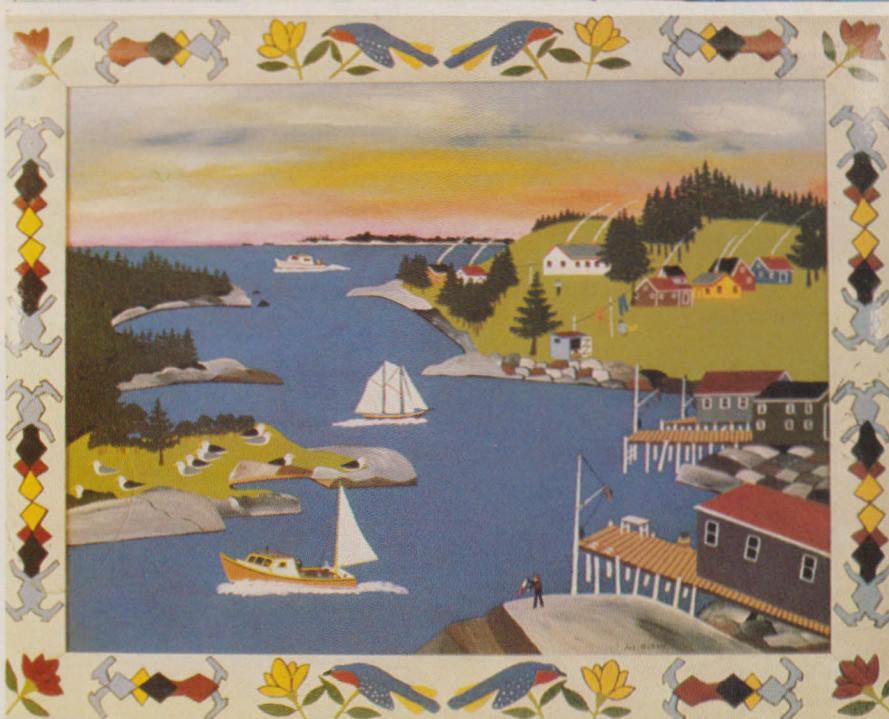
It never occurred to Joe Norris when he was a kid that he could ever do what he dreamed of doing: Paint pictures. A quiet, portly, 56-year-old artist with pale-blue, glossy eyes, he remembers scrambling as a boy after the dregs of purple and turquoise house-paint in the trashpiles of Lower Prospect, N.S., so that he could decorate the toy boats he made.

"We had a hard old life," Joe says. His father died when he was 10 and his mother raised the family of nine on welfare and what the boys earned from fishing. Recalling those days, Joe clips his speech, doles out a minimum of information. "One time—terrible. Nothin' to eat three days. We'd go down shore, dig clams, cook 'em." He went to school through Grade 4, but says, "I quit when I started. Too much fighting." When he was 15 and getting ready to join his older brothers fishing, he took sick and had his first painting experience. His uncle lent him a painting set, but told Joe he was no good. When Joe recovered he scrapped his paints, went to the boats, fished for 35 years.

During that time, he battled with his ill health, lived alone, never married. ("Loved 'em all. Married none," he chuckles.) One day in 1974 he came home from the nets with a terrible pain in his chest. A heart attack.

Stricken from the fishing trade, stunned by the probability that his life would now close into a tight, dark monotony, Joe faced the future with confusion and dread. But a nurse learned of his childhood hopes, and she encouraged him to paint. So he bought some hobby paints and a couple of cheap brushes, and began to paint pictures of the dreams and images he'd carried with him all those years at sea. He painted on whatever was at hand—old boards, window shades—and he tacked his works to the outside of his tiny, two-room home in Lower Prospect. Rising early, as was his habit, he would paint from morning till night, stopping only to

Norris paints all day, every day. His hallmarks: Boldness, detail, activity



PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO

make a batch of biscuits or to brew tea for the neighbors and children who dropped by to see him.

His little house acquired an eccentric air but no one, least of all himself, questioned his fascination for color and pictures. Then another fateful day arrived. An artist happened to drive into the village and Joe's paintings, decorating the outside of the shack on the wharf, caught his eye. He stopped for a visit, bought a few of Joe's pictures for \$20 each. Joe had previously sold only one other, to a New York tourist on a taxi ride. The artist returned several months later, bought six more paintings, and encouraged Joe to push his limits. Joe tried more complex compositions, and began to paint on canvases. This freshened ambition led to his being selected for inclusion in the 1976 exhibition, "Folk Art in Nova Scotia," at the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. The show later toured Canada.

As a result, the Museum of Man in Ottawa and the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia bought two Norris paintings. His growing awareness of his own worth spurred a rapid development of his skill over the next two years, but in spite of it—and the efforts of a few enthusiasts—the Nova Scotia public did not respond to his work. Joe wasn't concerned. He just kept painting, saying, "I gotta' get something done. It takes the pain out of life."

He got a lot done. By the time Bruce Ferguson (then the director of the Dalhousie Art Gallery) saw his work in 1978, Joe had reached full maturity as a painter and had finished about 200 paintings. Ferguson was impressed, called Norris "the Matisse of folk art," and arranged an exclusive exhibition of his work. That show drew some local interest. CBC reviewed it on national FM radio, and it caught the eye of Canadian artist Ken Lochhead, who was in Halifax on business for the Mira Goddard Gallery of Toronto. Lochhead was excited about the paintings and talked about a possible show in Toronto. But nothing happened, and Norris actually sold very little as a result of the show.

Then, in the summer of 1979, things began to take off. The artist who had originally discovered Norris's work approached the Mira Goddard Gallery. It was a long shot: The Goddard gallery had a blue-chip reputation, catering to recognized artists and avant-garde tastes. But Goddard liked Norris's work. She arranged a one-man show for November, 1979, and priced the paintings from \$400 to \$1000. The show went well. Some people thought the paintings tran-

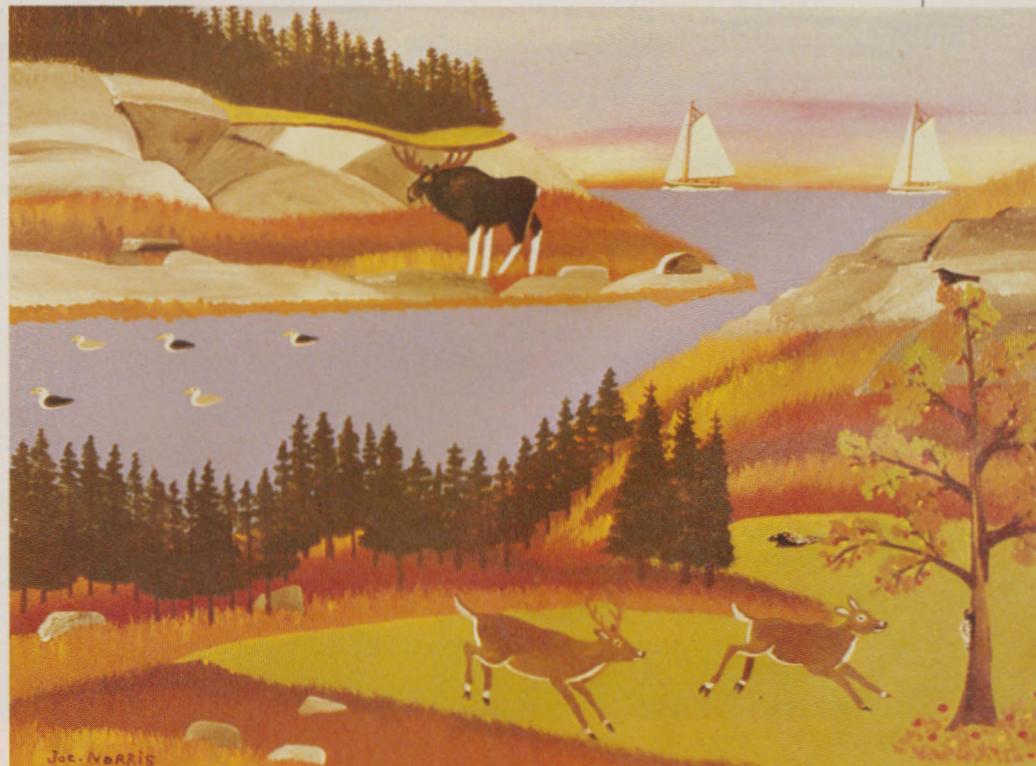
sceded folk art and saw Joe Norris as a painter in his own right. Three exhibitions of his work are on the slate for 1980 in Ottawa, Toronto and Calgary.

Norris is secure now. He's had a small studio built off the side of his house. He's got a new wood stove and can buy custom-made canvases.

He exists nicely on the sales of his art. But he hasn't changed. He still paints every day, all day, and bakes biscuits and visits with his neighbors. His health is still poor, but he doesn't appear to worry. "You can't die before your time comes," he says. And fame? He's not puffed up about it: "It make you feel good." ☒



An unusual Norris: It's got people in it. It'll sell for \$450-\$500

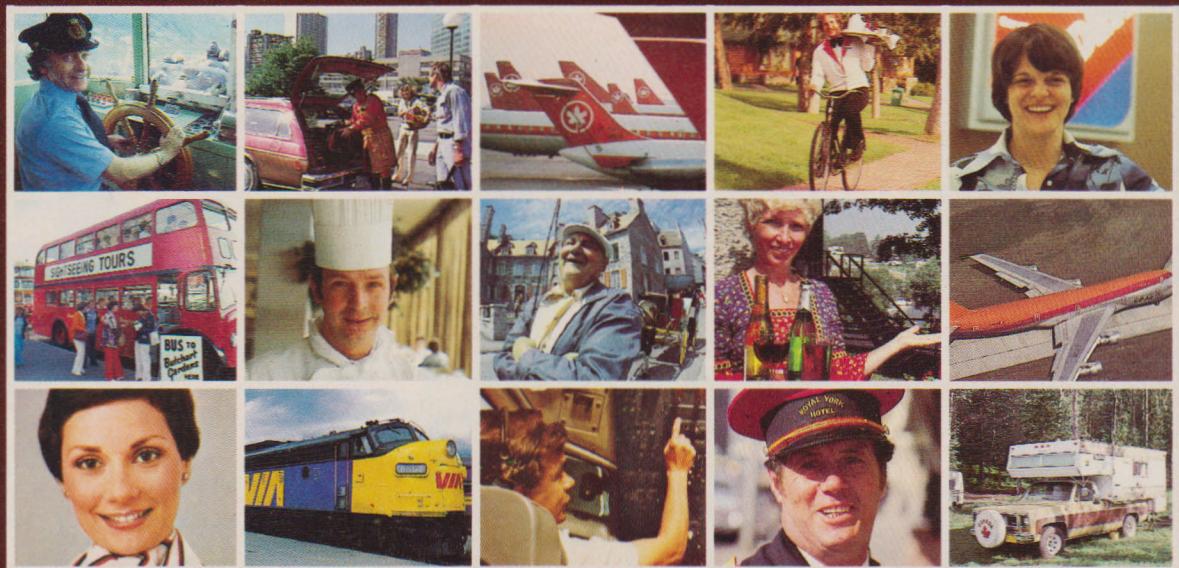


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Shed a tear for '48

For bluenose baseball fans, there'll never be another year like it. Here, a bona fide sports trivia champ remembers it, the way it was

Believe it or not, Nova Scotia had two pro leagues in '48, the Central and the H-D—that's what they called the Halifax and District League. Officially, it was amateur baseball, but the players got paid and the quality was professional. (The five-team Cape Breton Colliery League was truly semi-pro. Except for a handful of Americans, the players all had other jobs and, for their baseball labors, received only expenses.) The Central League had four teams, Stellarton, Westville, Truro and Springhill, while the H-D had six, Middleton, Kentville, Liverpool, Dartmouth, Halifax Shipyards and Halifax Capitals. Never again were we to have 10 pro teams in the province. The Central League died after the '49 season. The H-D held on until 1959, mostly with U.S. college players, and then gave up the ghost.

We should have known then that '48 was to be the watershed. It marked the passage from predominantly local players to overwhelming numbers of Americans. The blend was perfect: Enough homebrews to maintain fan interest and community rivalry; enough Americans to raise the quality to a level we'd never seen before.

After 1948 the talented locals, no longer boys of summer, started dropping out. There were few to take their places. To suit the schedules of the U.S. collegians, the season dropped back from its traditional May 24 opening to June 15, and the playoffs wound up by the end of August. Installing lights in the parks didn't help much: Those delightfully cool Nova Scotia nights aren't made for baseball playing or grandstand sitting. Affluence took its toll, too. Baseball found competitors in cars, cottages, boats, golf and television. All of this came after 1948.

For Kentville, the May 24 opening game was not a harbinger of the good season to come. Kentville's \$10,000 cement grandstand, the only one in the province, wasn't ready; neither were the Wildcats. Playing with a pickup team of juniors (among them, catcher Garnet Brown, later a provincial cabinet minister), Kentville lost 9-0 to the newly formed Dartmouth Arrows. By season's end, outfielder Wilf Anderson of Aylesford was the only Nova Scotian playing regularly on the otherwise all-American Kentville team. It handily won the H-D pennant. Outfielder Jack Kaiser led the Wildcats (and the league) in hitting with a .389 average, while second baseman Soc Bobotas finished with .388. In half a season, first baseman Dick Gernert, a sophomore from Temple University, hit .386, an indication of the ability that would lead to an 11-year career in the majors. Pitcher Dom Novak won nine games without a loss in the regular season. The playoffs were to be a different story for him and the Wildcats.

Dartmouth opened its new park on May 28 before "1,600 shivering fans with a well-earned victory over the Liverpool Larrupers." Two weeks later, during official opening ceremonies, league president Harry Butler bestowed the ultimate Maritime accolade on the park that became known as Little Brooklyn because of the fervor of the Arrows fans. It was, Butler said, "the best east of Montreal." Alas, just as Brooklyn's Ebbets Field is now the site of a housing development, a Holiday Inn now stands

where Johnny Duarte and Neil Staples pitched so superbly and Stu O'Brien and Doc Acocella belted their home runs. The Arrows' centrefielder, Milt (Bomber) Neal, could field like Willie Mays. Unfortunately, he was a .241 hitter. Dartmouth's coach was Irving (Peaches) Ruven, snooker player, horse player, ballplayer. A Montrealer who came east and stayed. Ruven, at 36, was still a formidable hitter and, as an umpire-baiter, even Liverpool's Danny Seaman couldn't rival him.

The Shipyards and the Capitals both used the Wanderers Grounds as home diamond. It was there on Aug. 16 that the all-stars of the Central and H-D leagues met in what Alex Nickerson of the *Halifax Herald* called "the greatest sports spectacle of the season." The heavily favored H-D-ers were up three runs in the eighth inning, but the Central Stars rallied to tie it. Umpire Johnny Fortunato didn't endear himself to the more than 5,000 fans when he called the game on account of darkness with the score still 3-3 in the top of the ninth. Truro shortstop Hum Joseph, who drove in the last two Central runs with a sharp single off Shipyards' ace lefthander Skit Ferguson, was named the game's most valuable player.

The best was yet to come. From Aug. 23, when the playoffs started, until the last game on Oct. 1, Jack Halpin and Buddy Condy of the Capitals put on a show that wasn't merely scintillating, it was nonpareil. Buddy Condy was the best hitter I ever saw outside the major leagues. He had the wrists of Ted Williams and the strike zone of Yogi Berra. In four playoff series, Condy hit .375, .471, .440 and .462. In 24 playoff games, he rapped 11 home runs.

As for Jack Halpin, his '48 season was the best any ballplayer ever had in these parts. During the regular schedule, the 22-year-old lefty from Lowell, Mass., tied with Ferguson for most wins, 11. Playing the outfield or first base when not pitching, Halpin hit .323. In the playoffs he was better. He won three games as the Caps eliminated Kentville four games to two. Against Dartmouth, in the H-D finals, he won two games, saved a third in relief and stole home with the tying run in another.

Meanwhile, Springhill was winning the Central League playoffs with the last of the great Fencebuster teams. Their pitching was led by Len and Hilton Boss, their hitting by Herbie MacLeod, Gump Boss, Lawson Fowler and Clarkie Wotowicz, a 17-year-old outfielder from Chicopee, Mass., one of only two Americans in their lineup (the Caps had four). But for Condy, a native of Springhill, and Halpin, the Fencebusters would have defeated the H-D champs. They did win three games, but the Caps won four—all by Halpin, in just six days.

The Capitals took the final series against Whitney Pier in three straight. It was memorable mainly because the Cape Bretoners roughed up Halpin in the second game before losing 12-9. Fittingly, in the season's finale, won by Halifax 5-3, Condy had four hits, including his 16th and 17th home runs, while Halpin came on in relief in the bottom of the ninth with two runs in and the tying runs on base. Naturally, he got the final out—the last in a season in which he had pitched 203 innings and struck out 217 batters. His over-all won-lost record was 21-2.

One last thing. If you want to know how good the old days of local baseball really were, don't take my word for it. Just check with any of the following: Dr. Buddy Condy, Skit Ferguson, Johnny Clark, Jimmy Gray, Chick Charlton, Billy Hannon, Neil Staples or Johnny Fortunato. They're still around and their memories have lost nothing with the years.

— Harry Flemming

Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

July—Parlee Beach Summer Theatre presents July 3-7, "Dovetail Deception," July 10-14, "Shenanigans," July 17-21, "Magical Capers," July 24-28, "Silken Sorcery," July 31, "Illusion Fantastique," Shédiac
 July 1, 2—Miramichi Folk Song Festival, Newcastle
 July 1-6—Potato Festival, Grand Falls
 July 2-30—John Hall: Paintings, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton
 July 2-31—Permanent Collection of Handcrafts, City Hall, Saint John
 July 3-6—Poutine Festival, St. Antoine
 July 3-6—Railroad Days, Moncton
 July 4-6—Crab Festival, Le Goulet
 July 4-6—Third Annual Bluegrass-Old-time Music Festival, Moncton
 July 6-16—International Festival of Baroque Music, Lamèque
 July 8-13—Lobster Festival, Shédiac
 July 9-13—Hospitality Days, Bathurst

July 9-13—Rag Dolls Exhibit, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton
 July 10—Arts and Crafts Fair, St. Andrews
 July 10-13—Summer Festival, Paquetville
 July 11-13—Country Fair, Bass River
 July 12-20—Clam Festival, St. Simon
 July 13-20—Provincial Fisheries Festival, Shippegan
 July 15-19—Loyalist Days, Saint John
 July 16-19—Atlantic National Horse Show, Saint John
 July 17-19—Annual Fair, Doaktown
 July 19-26—Old Home Week, Woodstock
 July 20-26—Old Home Week, St. Martins
 July 25-27—Cocagne Bazaar, Cocagne
 July 25-31—The Herbarium of Louis XIV, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton
 July 26—Feast of St. Anne Annual Picnic, Tobique Indian Reserve
 July 26, 27—Craft Festival, Rothesay

July 27 - Aug. 4—Foire Brayonne 1980, Edmundston
 July 28-31—Fredericton Kennel Club Championship Dog Show, Fredericton

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

July 1—Harness Racing, Summerside
 July 1—Canada Day Birthday Party: Boat races, variety show, food, sports, Cardigan
 July 1—Centennial Cup Yacht Race, Summerside
 July 1-31—Lobster memorabilia exhibition, Great George St. Gallery, Charlottetown
 July 4, 5—Lady Slipper Square Dance Jamboree, Summerside
 July 4-6—P.E.I. Amateur Golf Tournament, Summerside
 July 5—Carleton Day, north of Coleman Corner
 July 5—Seaman's Beverages Run, Charlottetown
 July 6—Singer Carroll Baker, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown
 July 10—Provincial Rose Show, Charlottetown
 July 12—Strawberry Festival, Orwell Corner
 July 13—Ryan's Fancy, Confederation Centre
 July 13-19—Lobster Carnival and Livestock Exhibition, Summerside
 July 19—Fulton Campbell Memorial Road Race, Montague
 July 19, 20—Rollo Bay Fiddlers Festival, Rollo Bay
 July 20—Singer Nancy White, Confederation Centre
 July 24-26—P.E.I. Craftsmen's Council Summer Market, Charlottetown
 July 24-26—Garden of the Gulf and Step-dancing Festival, Montague
 July 26—Belfast Lions Mid-summer Jaunt: Eight-mile run, Belfast
 July 27—Kitty Wells: Country Singer, Confederation Centre
 July 28-30—Emerald Weekend: Parade, sports events, lobster suppers, dances, Emerald Village

NOVA SCOTIA

July—A variety show: "Meet the Navy," July 10, 11, 25-27, Halifax; July 12, 13 New Glasgow; July 14, Antigonish; July 15, Baddeck; July 16, Port Hawkesbury; July 17, Guysborough; July 19, Bridgewater; July 20, Liverpool; July 22, Parrsboro; July 23,

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24, Truro; July 29, Neil's Harbour, July 30, 31, Sydney
 July 1 - Weymouth Day, Weymouth
 July 1-4 - Nova Scotia Tattoo 1980, Halifax
 July 1-6 - Contemporary Prints of the Federal Republic of Germany, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax
 July 3-6 - Festival of the Strait, Port Hawkesbury
 July 4-6 - St. Anselm's Annual Fair, West Chezzetcook
 July 6 - Annual Scottish Concert, Boisdale, Cape Breton Co.
 July 7-12 - Old Home Week, Parrsboro
 July 9-13 - Festival Acadien de Clare, Church Point
 July 11, 12 - Lobster Carnival, Pictou
 July 11, 12 - Highland Games, Antigonish
 July 11-13 - Maritime Country Folk Festival, Oxford
 July 12 - Strawberry Supper, Parrsboro
 July 12 - Seafood Square Dance Festival, Clementsport
 July 12, 13 - Craft Festival, Lunenburg
 July 12 - Aug. 10 - Halifax International Festival: Operas, musicals, chamber concerts, recitals, ballet, symphony concerts

July 13-20 - Theatre Arts Festival International, Wolfville
 July 14-19 - Kipawo Showboat presents the comedy "Come Blow Your Horn," Wolfville
 July 18-20 - Rough It Rally: Motorcycle rally, sports competitions, parade, Annapolis Royal
 July 19-27 - Guysborough Come Home Week, Guysborough
 July 20 - Craft Festival, Hubbards
 July 22 - Ukrainian Dance Troupe, Th' YARC, Yarmouth
 July 23-27 - Summer Festival, Margaree, Inverness Co.
 July 24-Aug. 30 - Canadian Puppet Festivals presents "The Pirates of Penzance," Chester
 July 25-27 - Acadian Film Festival, Annapolis Royal
 July 25-28 - Natal Day Celebrations, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

July 1 - Folk Festival at Castle Hill, Placentia Bay
 July 1-12 - Horsemanship Clinic, Corner Brook
 July 1-15 - Japanese Kites, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls
 July 1-15 - Matworks: Traditional Nfld. floor coverings, Gander

July 1 - Aug. 8 - Summer Festival '80, St. John's
 July 5 - English Riding Show, Mount Pearl
 July 5 - Robert's Arm Day, Robert's Arm
 July 6 - Aguaforte Garden Party, Ferryland
 July 6 - Conception Bay Folk Festival, Harbour Grace, Conception Bay
 July 7 - Kelligrews Soiree, Kelligrews
 July 12 - King's Point Day, King's Point
 July 12 - Point Leamington Day, Point Leamington
 July 15 - Gayside Day, Gayside
 July 15-Aug. 2 - The Stephenville Festival of the Arts presents "Hamlet," "Our Town," "Invitation to the Dance," "Jacques Brel is...," Stephenville
 July 19 - Regatta, Placentia
 July 19, 20 - Garden Party, Bird Cove
 July 19-26 - Tourist Week: Crafts, music, Port aux Basques
 July 27 - Garden Party, St. Vincent's, St. Mary's Bay
 July 28-Aug. 1 - Nfld. Junior Boys Golf Championships, Corner Brook
 July 30 - Bicycle Touring: Ride and pick raspberries, St. John's

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Son of Star Wars: The Force is with it

The Empire Strikes Back is lively, witty, a technical knockout. In fact, it's better than *Star Wars*

By Martin Knelman

For the first half hour of *The Empire Strikes Back*, you may think you're at a replay of *Star Wars*, with its manic-child noisiness and its obsessive, wilful infantilism. But then a vision begins to take hold, and it becomes clear that the director, Irvin Kershner, is up to much, much more than an imitative sequel to the original George Lucas movie. Lucas has announced that the *Star Wars* saga will run to nine movies—three trilogies. (We have now had the first and second parts of the middle trilogy.) But after breaking the bank with *Star Wars* (which took in more than \$400 million), Lucas decided to step back and let someone else direct the second movie, while he took credit for the story and as executive producer overseeing the project. That turns out to have been both a brilliant decision and a somewhat embarrassing one—because Kershner has come up with a movie that is rich, lively, witty and artful where its predecessor was humorless, repetitious and plodding. Just how this was possible is hard to fathom even after you've seen both movies, because ostensibly Kershner was working with the same elements that made *Star Wars* the most profitable movie of all time.

The opening credits identify this as Episode V. The familiar *Star Wars* themes trumpet their fanfare, and we are plunged once more into the mythic terms of the space saga: "It is a dark time for the Rebellion. Although the Death Star has been destroyed, imperial forces have driven the rebel forces..." and so on. We're back in the company of that wide-eyed kid adventurer, Luke Skywalker, and the sharp-tongued Princess Leia, and those robots who upstaged the human beings last time, R2-D2 and C-3PO. And somewhere out there in the vast spaces beyond the spaceship there lurks the guiding hand and superfatherly voice of old Ben Kenobi, reminding Luke and his friends that the Force can be with them. As before, Luke is played by Mark Hamill, as innocently befuddled as a stoned high school boy who has taken a wrong turn off the expressway; Princess Leia is played by bristling Carrie Fisher,

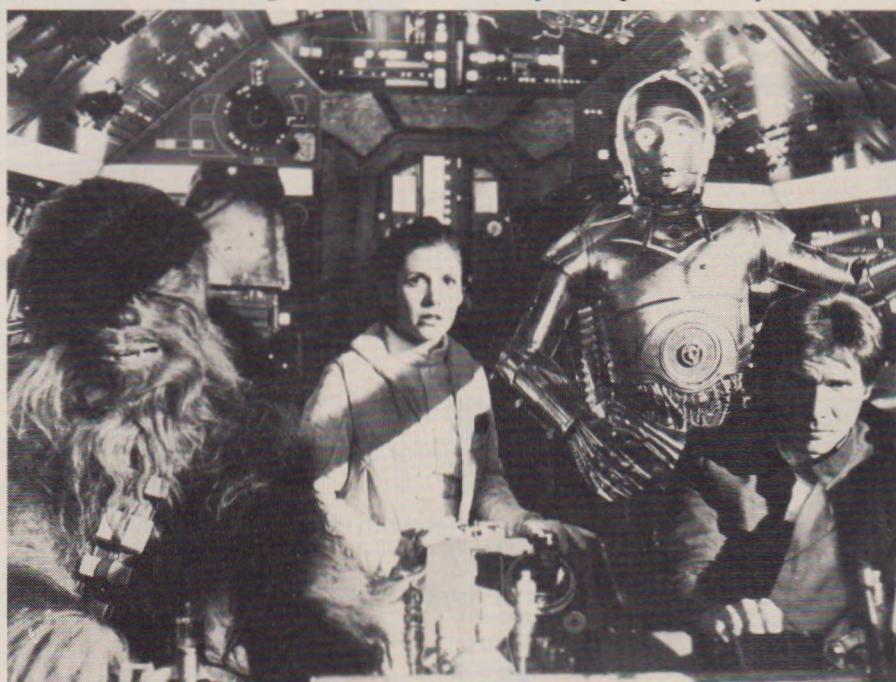
and the virtuous old knight of the cosmos is played by Alec Guinness. So how can it be that *The Empire Strikes Back* is not just more of the same? Well, the Force must be with Irvin Kershner more than it was with George Lucas. *Star Wars* left you feeling worked-over and exhausted; at the end of *The Empire Strikes Back*, you feel elated and revived.

Despite all the emphasis on words like "fun" and "playful," *Star Wars* struck me as a stolid, witless affair—a comic strip that had lost its sense of humor and steeped itself in night-school self-improvement courses on pop mythology and mystical experience. Revelling in comic-book adventures like Flash Gordon, Lucas's childhood mythology seemed so barren of sophistication or smartness that entering into its spirit was an act of deprivation. And that's because Lucas's movie-making technique was an act of deprivation. Paying homage to B movies, Lucas failed to move stylistically beyond them. The picture was all noise without rhythm, all special effects without genuine magic.

The Empire Strikes Back takes the *Star Wars* legend and sets it in italics. The robots are charming, comical side-

kicks still, and there is a wonderful new creature—a 26-inch wizened gnome by the name of Yoda, created and given voice by Frank Oz of *The Muppet Show*. Yoda is a long-suffering Jedi master who, at the behest of Ben Kenobi, gives instruction to the lunk-headed Luke. Speaking a kind of garbled, high-toned medieval English, he's like a jockey version of one of those slow-talking gurus sought out by the solemn hero of Peter Brook's ponderous *Meetings with Remarkable Men*. But Kershner doesn't let the supernatural supporting cast score at the expense of the human beings. Luke remains a fairly thickheaded lad, but there's a good screwball feud-romance between Han Solo (Harrison Ford) and Princess Leia, capped by a daring joke just at the moment when he is swept away by the forces of darkness. Camouflaging their feelings with sarcastic remarks at each other's expense, they are sparring partners rather than lovers, and this gives the proceedings a witty sexual kickiness that is played off against the kinetic energy of the battle episodes.

But it's with the look and rhythm of the picture that Kershner really works his wizardry. From the ice planet where the rebel forces are routed to the swampland where Luke emerges from the spaceship on his quest to the



Chewbacca, Princess Leia, C-3PO, Han Solo: They leave you bedazzled

funland factory-in-the-sky where the bad guys lure the rebels for the most dramatic acts of treachery, *The Empire Strikes Back* is visually and technologically a knockout. The gimmicks, the gadgets and even the people are beautifully, brilliantly orchestrated and choreographed, and the stirring John Williams score adds to our growing enchantment and ebullience. Even the villains—the deadly Darth Vader, who speaks with the booming voice of James Earl Jones, and a hip double-crosser played by Billy Dee Williams—are entertainingly energetic, as if the whole cast had been mainlining speed. It all builds to a crescendo. This fantasy cosmos is the greatest toy of all time, but it's more than that. Kershner imbues it with a touch of poetic grandeur: We leave the movie feeling high and bedazzled.

You might think this stunning achievement would make Irvin Kershner a hero in Hollywood, but you'd be wrong. A director doesn't get to be considered an *auteur* by making sequels to other people's movies, no matter how good. Kershner, an older director whose specialty has usually been exploring the rich subtleties of human relationships, has always been underrated—and *The Empire Strikes Back* isn't going to change that. One of his finest movies, *Loving*, with George Segal as a bumbling artist in the suburbs, failed commercially when it came out in 1969 and has still not been rediscovered. (His other films have included *The Flim-Flam Man*, *A Fine Madness*, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, and *Eyes of Laura Mars*.) A few years ago Kershner did another sequel—*The Return of a Man Called Horse*. Watching it, you could sense that he had started to churn out a formula action picture and got drawn into something bigger—a spiritual epic on the inner landscape of the Indian consciousness. That movie built to a powerful, mystical beauty which is very close to the feeling you get in his new space fable. It's no coincidence; obviously, Kershner has the magic movie gift of being able to push his way beyond the material at hand to create something worthy of an artist.

You'd never guess this from the way Kershner has been treated in the press. *Time's* cover story on *The Empire Strikes Back* snuggles up to George Lucas and hardly mentions Kershner. It's interesting to note that Lucas and Kershner first met in the mid-1960s, when Lucas took a course in film design at the University of Southern California, and Kershner was the instructor. On that subject, contrary to what you hear, George Lucas still has a great deal to learn from Irvin Kershner.

Dalton Camp's column

Bring home the constitution, in a plain, brown envelope



The trouble with constitutional reform—don't go away—is the lack of anything in the subject to stir the blood. The only person who can stir mine to something better than turgidity is Eugene Forsey, and only because Dr. Forsey is such a gifted de-humbugger with people who think they know what they're talking about, but don't. One difficulty with this vital subject is that the vast majority of Canadians—99.3% let's say—don't care what is done about reforming the constitution, or Confederation, just so long as it doesn't threaten their interests. But the problem is compounded by the distinct possibility that, whatever the changes, the vast majority won't know whether their interests are thereby threatened or not. Until too late.

So we leave it to the politicians, as we have been doing for 113 years. To say this has not done much for the cause of constitutional reform is an understatement. To add that politicians, as a general rule, lack imagination is another. Thus, it can be said that the reason nothing gets done with respect to the issue is that the politicians can't imagine how to do it and the public is too bored to think about it.

Years ago, John B. McNair, one of the ablest premiers of New Brunswick or any other province, wanted to bring the Canadian constitution home from London. McNair was not the first to want that and certainly not the last, but he brought imagination to the matter of ways and means. According to Richard Hatfield, New Brunswick's present premier, McNair's idea was that the document should be brought from England by ship and be met in mid-Atlantic by a Canadian ship, where the thing would be transferred into our hands and sailed back home. How about that?

Oddly enough, McNair's suggestion has also occurred to me, but with variations and embellishments, as you would expect. I would have the British government pass an act of Parliament allowing for the return of the Canadian constitution to Canada, then put it in a plain brown envelope and aboard a ship—any seaworthy vessel would do—and bring it to St. John's.

It would then begin its long-awaited journey to Ottawa, by bus, rail and ferry. On the mainland, it would travel

by special train in a sealed car and whistle-stop along the way. Citizens who did not know anything about their constitution could turn out to see the train. Bands would play, children would be given a holiday, and speeches would be made celebrating the homecoming of the Canadian constitution.

Of course, it could safely be left to the speech makers jammed on hundreds of public platforms to make it clear that while the constitution had been returned from Britain intact, it would not remain so. Once we got the thing home, we could tinker with it, alter, reform, or obliterate it. But at least we would have it where we could get at it. Meanwhile, it would be on display and the millions who had watched its return, either down at the station or on television, would retain a nice, warm glow about a document which, for more than a century, has been in Limbo, Eng.

We have recently endured a good deal of nail-biting suspense over the Quebec referendum. The result in the end was satisfactory, even though it turned on the issue of reform of the federal system which, unfortunately, is a subject that makes most Canadians uncomfortable and even induces stammering and hives. We are now obliged to contemplate something like five years of renewed efforts to remodel Confederation through the instrument of constitutional change.

If we leave it to the politicians, it's going to be a long five years. They might be futile years as well. The only way to succeed in this enterprise is to create public interest. Nothing so improves the performance of politicians as the knowledge that their constituents are interested in what they're doing.

John B. McNair was on to something, and while there are many Canadians who do not want "patriation," most do. Since we still live in a democracy, if the majority wants the constitution brought home for overhaul then we should proceed to do it—with flourish and style. Besides, back in 1979, the Prime Minister of Canada—P.E. Trudeau himself—promised he would do it, given the opportunity and a majority. Well, hasn't he always kept his promises? Check your daily newspaper for the arrival time of the Canadian constitution in your home town.

Humor, a boy's adventures—and a serious message

Clive Doucet, *My Grandfather's Cape Breton*, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, \$12.95

So much has changed since Clive Doucet went to stay at his grandfather's farm in Grand Etang, Cape Breton, in the summer of 1958. Tractors replaced the two huge plow horses, Nellie and Donald. The white clapboard house was torn down long ago and now there's a body shop and bungalow in the front field. The old farmer, who reminded his 12-year-old grandson of tough leather, was 92 and as frail as fine china when he died nine years ago. Only memories remain.

Doucet was afraid the memories would disappear, too. That's why he wrote *My Grandfather's Cape Breton*. It's the story of a clumsy city boy's summer spent pitching hay and milking cows beside his earth-wise grandfather. It's also a gentle tale about growing up. Doucet wrote two other books but he admits *My Grandfather's Cape Breton*

is his most personal. "This book was on my mind for a long time, ever since I was a little boy," he says.

Nearly all the episodes Doucet describes are true: He *did* fall head-over-heels in love with Anne, the thin girl at the co-op store who sold him a heavy plaid jacket and a pair of coveralls after his city clothes were torn and covered with cow manure; he *did* bid on the old race horse soon to be slaughtered for glue (it cost his grandfather a precious \$40); he and his grandfather *did* cry when the summer was over and the boy returned to Ottawa. He altered only one incident for dramatic effect. It was the night of his Aunt Germaine's birthday party, when he fell into the well where a pack of beer was chilling. He waited hours to be rescued, sipping ale to stay warm and conversing with a green frog. "I never talked to the frog,"

he says.

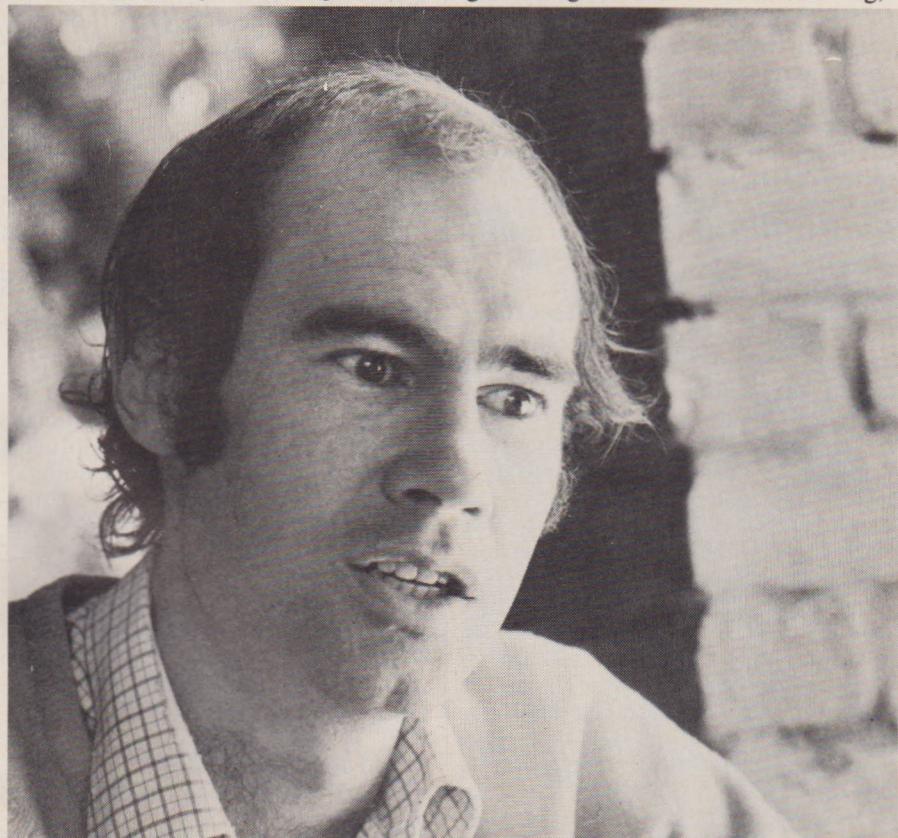
Beyond the humor and the boyhood adventures, *My Grandfather's Cape Breton* has a serious message. Doucet's wiry, quick-witted grandfather was among the last of the east-coast farmers who kept small, mixed farms before, in Doucet's words, "we lost a countryside and gained an agro-industry." Something important got lost in the transition. "How do you describe such communities after the people are gone?" Doucet asks in the letter to his grandfather that opens the book. "A line of houses, some grown-over pastures—it's like trying to explain what the dew is without the grass. Yet villages like Grand Etang are an integral part of where we've come from and what we are now."

Doucet worked evenings and weekends, missing holidays for nearly eight years to try to tell his story. During that period, "Big Clive"—the urban anthropologist with the master's degree from the University of Montreal—was in control. Doucet wanted to write a polemic about the death of the family farm in Atlantic Canada. Yet somehow, the book just never worked. His wife, Patty, suggested that he just write down his memories. The truer the tale got, the better it felt. Once again, he started to write. That was when "Little Clive"—the child in him—came out. "I just wanted to talk about my grandpa and me. I didn't want to be a politician anymore," he remembers. He finished the book in about six weeks. His simple story makes a statement as strong as any grand-scale polemic.

Now that his book is finished, Doucet feels relieved, contented to leave that part of his past behind. He still writes, depending on a junior Canada Council grant for his income. He'd like to keep writing forever, but the money's running out. He may return to a nine-to-five job next fall, perhaps in the federal civil service where he worked as an information officer for Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation before handing in his resignation last January to write full-time.

People warm to his story. It reminds them of their own grandfathers, or favorite uncles, and helps them recapture a lost part of childhood. At least, that's what nearly everyone tells him, including an incisive reviewer from the *Windsor Star* who set out to write a review of Doucet's book and ended up printing a sentimental story about his own grandfather instead.

— Julianne Labreche



Doucet: "This book was on my mind for a long time"

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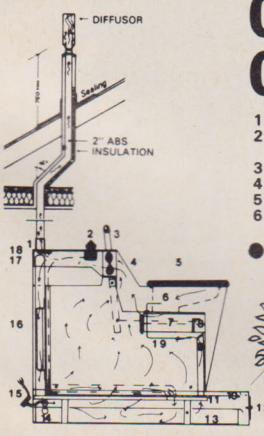
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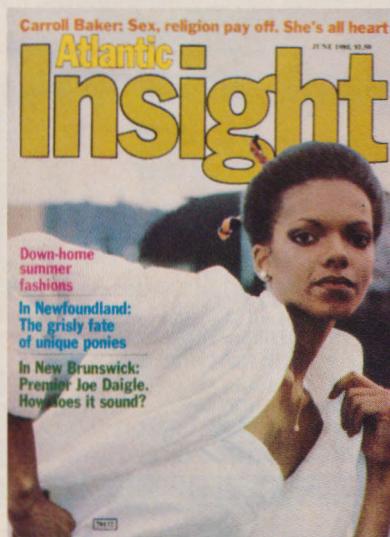
And as if that wasn't enough; Silver Donald Cameron won first prize for culture with his October cover story on Farley Mowat, and Alden Nowlan picked up top honors (Air Canada Award) in the travel-writing category with his Cuba piece in the November issue.

If you are a subscriber to *Atlantic Insight*, please give yourself a pat on the back for being part of an "Outstanding Achievement" in Canadian publishing.

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Muddy, soapy Toronto: It wasn't all bad



My first time in Toronto was my first time anywhere. It was early September at 3 a.m. at Malton Airport. The air surprised me. It was incredibly warm and damp and it smelled, to me, of mud and soap. My breath stopped for a few seconds. A twinge of panic. I felt marooned in the middle of a vast ocean of steaming earth.

That complete lack of chill in the air, that muddy-soapy odor and my first plane ride, which had lasted 14 hours, had rattled my marbles. The planes at Malton became dinosaurs and the vegetation on the other side of the building, prehistoric tree ferns. Early the morning before, I'd left home (which was Arnold's Cove which is near Come By Chance which is in Placentia Bay) and rattled the 100 miles over a dirt road to St. John's.

At that hour, most of the 180 residents of Arnold's Cove were still asleep. The cove was calm, the 20-foot fishing boats pointed in every direction at their moorings. A few gulls stirred but made no cry. It took five hours to reach St. John's. It was no stranger to me. I'd spent the two most miserable years of my life there, at Memorial University. That was half my own fault because I was pathologically bashful and because I'd chosen arts and sciences instead of education.

If you were from outside St. John's in the late 1950s, you were supposed to study education. The government wanted teachers and it paid a \$600 subsidy. So the baymen in education tromped around campus in a body for mutual support and protection in their uncles' second-hand suits while the townie elite in arts and engineering strolled around in their languid arrogance. Two years in the wrong faculty. My first time on a bus and I didn't know where to drop the coins. The driver's sneer was so cutting that I walked from September until the January blizzards became too fierce.

From what I could see of Toronto from a taxi at 3 a.m. it was 10 times as big as St. John's. And 18 times further away from Arnold's Cove. My guts shrank to the size of a pickled walnut.

"Where you from?" the taxi driver

asked.

"Newfoundland."

"Oh, jeez. Don't spread that about up here. Better tell 'em you're from Cape Breton."

"O.K. Thanks. Where are you from, sir?"

"Cape Breton. Listen, I'm taking you to some place good and cheap. Now, the fare is \$14 but seeing where you're from, I'll only charge you \$7." Much later, I found the fare was \$4.50. The cheap hotel, even to the innocent eye, was sleazy. The walls, ceiling, sticks of furniture and even the bedspread were sprayed with some sort of pink stucco. There was a dirty pair of men's underdrawers in the wastebasket and numbers and exotic suggestions scrawled on the cover of the phone book.

Before lunch I told the clerk I was moving out. He laced me with sarcasm, called a taxi and sent me to the Windsor Arms. I didn't notice his little joke until I'd had a good day's and night's sleep and then discovered the price on the room door. Then I spent a week stewing in the heat and disinfectant on the top floor of the YMCA on College Street. I finally found my home for the year in a rooming house behind Maple Leaf Gardens, run by an Irish widow and her six-foot, cretinous son.

It went for \$8.50 a week, hotplate included. A pensioned couple across the hall had homicidal rows every Friday night and smashed crockery. One Friday night after these preliminaries, I'd just dozed off into nightmares when a most ominous rumpus broke out downstairs.

"Hit him again, Ron," cried the widow to her hulking offspring. "Chop the bastard again on the back of the head, me boyo. Are ye shure he'd dead, now? We'll chuck him out in the alley and the devil's cure to him. Don't be afraid, ye big overgrown sissy. Pick 'en up be the tail, I tell you, Ron, and chuck him out the door."

In my three school years in Toronto, that below-stairs murder of a rat was the only thing that ever frightened me. It was 1960-63. There seemed to be not a quarter of the menace, dark and latent aggression or hairtrigger violence

in that whole city that you'd get at a parish garden party back home. Toronto was clean, quiet. Things ran with an unearthly efficiency and ease. A new muffler, for instance, in 15 minutes rather than a week. Restaurants that didn't close for lunch. Parks, and a zoo, and shop windows, and three movies end-to-end for a dollar, and beer served in jugs.

At Ryerson, everybody was a bayman. The school itself had a marvellous inferiority complex over being neither university nor trade school. I got asked to class parties in 12th- and 14th-floor apartments at which beer bottles were dropped through convertible roofs below. In those years, before the great Newfoundland influx, there were only a few people in Toronto from home and they worked the lake boats. There were no jokes. When people heard you talk, they guessed Irish or Australian.

I found no great fault with Toronto. It has since become stylish in St. John's to use the word as a sneer. I have to force myself if I am to stay in fashion here. ☒

Feedback

Does anyone know how long you have to live somewhere else before you no longer feel like a Newfoundland? I now live in Manhattan and if anyone wants a challenge, he should try explaining Norris Point, Bonne Bay, Nfld., to a Jewish co-worker born and bred in the Bronx. I feel as though I have some wonderful secret that only I and a select few are privy to. Thank you all very much for your lovely magazine. Keep up the good work.

Peggy Zemp
New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

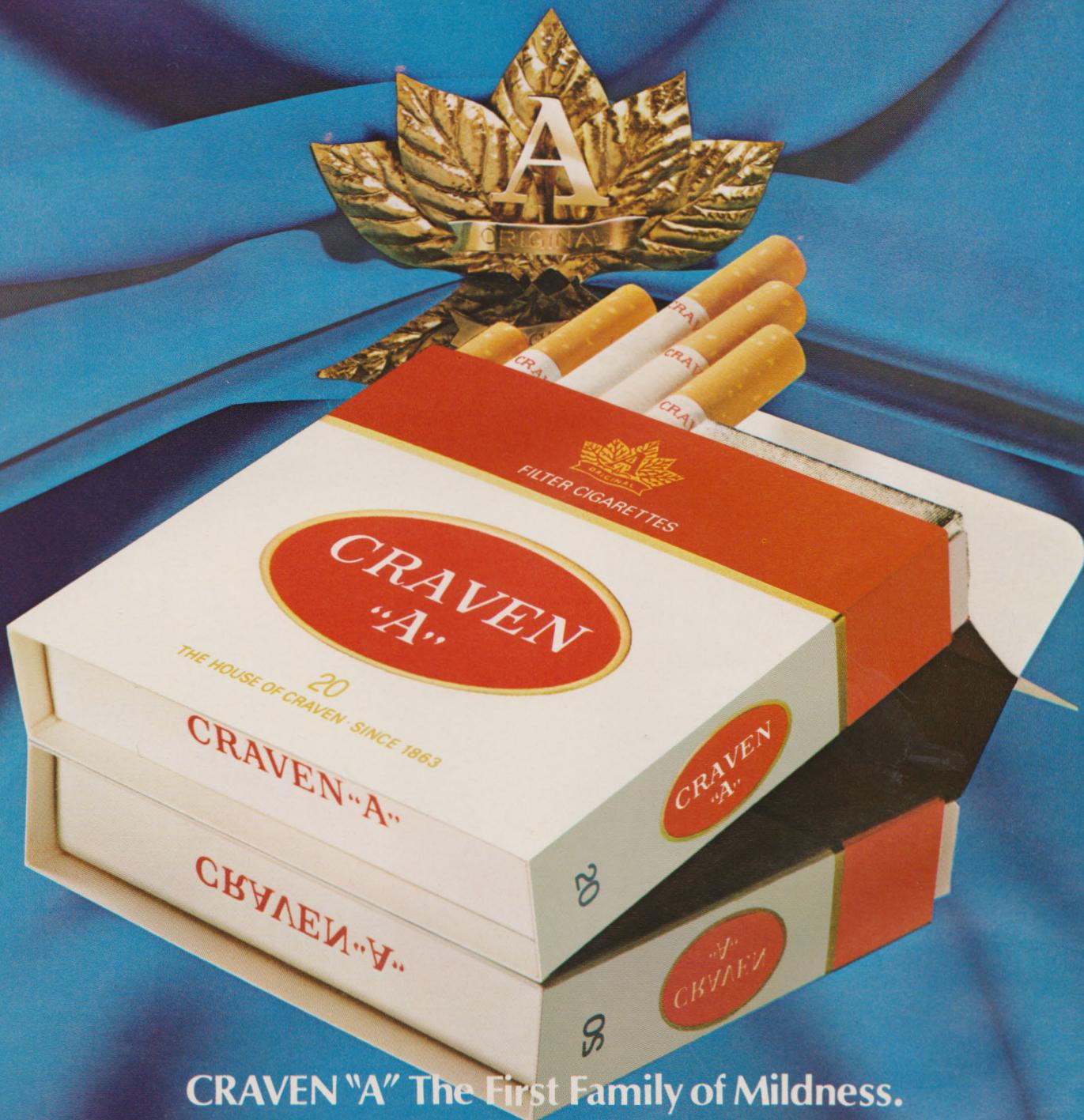
As a Newfoundland student studying abroad I was very much impressed and appreciative of your cover story on Premier Brian Peckford in March. I get immense satisfaction from reading such good articles. Looking forward to receiving future copies of your magazine.

William P. Penney
Dublin, Ireland

CRAVEN "A"

FILTERS BEST

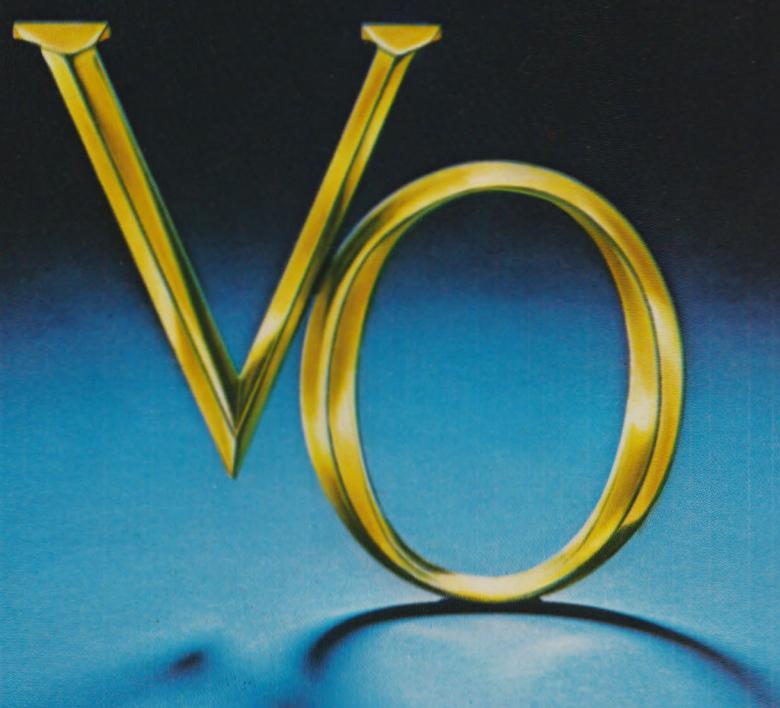
for good taste in smoking!



CRAVEN "A" The First Family of Mildness.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette—King Size Filter: "Tar" 12 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg. Regular Filter: "Tar" 8 mg. Nic. 0.5 mg.

Initial impressions are lasting.



Seagram's V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. Only V.O. is V.O.